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# REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1917

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.**

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## Gum Shoes and Prussian Boots

By W. M. R.

PRESIDENT WILSON has been inaugurated for his second term. His address upon that occasion reiterates his desire for the peace of the world and reaffirms at the same time the United States' doctrine with regard to the rights of neutrals on the seas—not this country's rights only, but the rights of the people of all countries.

Certain members of the senate by filibustering tactics prevented a vote on the bill authorizing him to take all necessary measures for the protection of the country's rights and interests. There were enough votes to pass the measure, but without a vote, it died.

The senators who accomplished this obstruction are variously and vigorously denounced by everybody but the pacifists and the pro-Germans. They are by some held to be "traitors." They justify themselves by declaring the congress alone has the right and power to declare war, and should not surrender that power to anyone. They say that the President should not arm merchantmen carrying munitions.

Those senators refused the power to the President at a time when Germany had practically committed an act of war against this country in declaring her intention to sink without warning any ships entering certain zones about the ports of nations at war with Germany. This country was to be permitted to send one ship per week under certain humiliating restrictions into specified sea areas.

Moreover, Germany was discovered in an attempt to induce our neighbor, Mexico, to go to war with us, in combination with Japan, to recover certain United States territory along the Mexican border. This plot, ineffably silly, was projected while Germany was still professing friendship for us. The plot was laid before the breaking off of relations between this country and Germany, which action Germany professed publicly to view with surprise and grief. Germany proposed to smash the Monroe Doctrine and to arm against us a nation at our doors.

If a nation that orders our ships off the seas and then deliberately stirs up enmities against us in friendly nations and urges them to attack us, is not an enemy, what in the opinion of our filibusters constitutes an act of hostility to the country?

The man who gave most countenance to the filibuster was Senator Stone of Missouri. He is chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. He was the spokesman of the President, the champion of the Executive's policies. He did not filibuster to prevent a vote on the bill to give the President authority, but he furnished to the filibusters their argument. The President's senatorial adviser and consultant opposed the President's bill and in doing so told the world some things our navy was preparing to do in the event that we came to a clash with Germany at sea. Senator Stone was the leader of the President's party in the senate. He deserted his party.

That is Stone. No one is surprised. Stone has played Germany's game ever since the war began. He said United States citizens had no right to be on the *Lusitania*. He wobbled fearfully when it was proposed to warn all Americans off belligerent ships. He now contributes much of the ability that temporarily prevents this country's shipping from putting to sea. He opposes the assertion and maintenance of American rights at sea. He is a hero to the press printed in the German language. He is

the idol of all those whose German sympathies are stronger than their sense of American right. Stone is the ablest German agent this country has known, after Bernstorff. He has done more in behalf of unrestricted submarine warfare against neutrals than anybody except von Tirpitz and Hindenburg. He deserves an iron cross with bells on it.

Stone and his fellows in the Senate and House have put the country in a humiliating position for the time being. They have refused to empower the head of the nation to act in such a manner as will uphold the country's dignity. They say in effect, "If Germany tells us to stay off the sea, the only thing to do is to stay off." This action of theirs is not treason, but it is not loyalty to the country's indisputable rights as a neutral under international law.

These "willful men" quibble when they say they are conserving the constitution. The President did not ask the power to declare war. He sought only authority to protect American lives and shipping on the high seas. He sought to equip our merchantmen to resist attack when sailing on their lawful business. He asked power to prepare the country for defense against a definitely threatened assault. The men who denied the President that authority denied the nation's right to defend itself. The effect, if not the purpose, of their action, is to concede temporarily at least, to Germany, the right to sweep our commerce from the sea if it shall venture there in defiance of her threat to sink all neutral ships without warning.

The argument that Germany threatens only what Great Britain has done is not truthful. Great Britain has interfered with our commerce, but under forms of international law. She has not sunk American ships nor taken American lives without warning. She has sown mines in the North Sea and elsewhere but she has not repudiated the principles of the law of the sea in war. She has not slaughtered women and children and other non-combatants. She has been willing to leave all cases of interference with our commerce to the adjudication of courts. Germany repudiates all law. Her submarines cannot operate successfully and obey the law; therefore the law is abrogated. This is the Germanic idea that Senator Stone and the filibusters give their assent to. Law does not exist when it conflicts with necessity. Law goes by the board with treaties. They are all "scraps of paper."

And so the United States stands to-day bluffed off the oceans by a nation with whom we were not at war. We dare not use the world's highways on our citizens' lawful occasions. And when this country, strongest of the neutrals, stands scared, all the other, smaller neutrals stand likewise bluffed. Germany sets aside the law of the world with her submarine campaign. She turns war into simple murder of noncombatants. She makes war on the human race, and this nation of one hundred million people submits to the Terror. At least, Stone, *et al.* would have it so.

But it will not be so. The President will find a way to send American ships to sea, protected. The President will find in his powers one to equip our merchantmen to fend off attack. And if the merchantmen carry munitions, they will be protected like other ships, since the right to carry munitions is undoubted, as Germany recognized when she was shipping munitions during the Russo-Japanese war. President Wilson does not want war. He has gone a long way to keep out of war. He is for peace. The people of the United States do not want war. There is no clamor for war, even after Germany's submarine order, even after Germany's

dismantling of her ships in our harbors on orders issued before the unrestricted submarine campaign was decreed, even after Germany has been caught egging Mexico on to fight us and to bring Japanese forces to this continent against us. The people of the United States make allowance for Germany's desperation in her struggle with her enemies. There is no disposition to help the Entente to crush Germany.

But the people of the United States believe this country should be ready to assert its rights on the sea with all necessary force against any nation that nullifies those rights and tries to raise up enemies against us even before she notifies us of her nullification. The people of the United States do not want to go to war against Germany but they do not want to be wholly unprepared in the face of Germany's acts of warfare against us.

This is the situation as President Wilson begins his second term. The people have confidence in the President. They do not believe he will wantonly make war. They believe he should be empowered to act so that American ships may sail and not be sunk without warning. They believe that the President's proposal for a league of peace can only have weight if this country demonstrates its devotion to the maintenance of the rights of all nations as against any or all violators of the rights of nations.

A few "willful men" in the Senate will not be permitted for long to prevent action by an overwhelming majority of the representatives of the people. A few men whose purposes coincide with the policy of a nation ordering us off the sea and plotting attack upon us while professing friendship, will not be permitted again to prevent action in vindication of the national right. The will of a few men will not be allowed to defeat the will of the spokesmen for the country at large. Not that any true Americans want to stifle debate. But debate shall not be endless. When a question has been debated and the majority of the Senate wants to vote, a vote will be taken. A reasonable time will be allowed for debate and then debate will cease and a vote will be taken. The majority must be able to rule or else deliberation may become protracted anarchy. A minority will not be allowed to obstruct the processes of legislation. A living legislative assembly cannot encourage its own paralysis in a crisis. The President has made this plain to the people of the country. The common sense of the people, to say nothing of their patriotism, will insist upon the abolition of unlimited debate. No one objects to the defeat of measures by votes against them, but everybody objects to the defeat of measures by tactics that prevent the registering votes for them. We shall have cloture in the senate and we shall have it soon.

This country will not stand for any repetition of such a spectacle as senators talking to death a bill to enable the country adequately to meet a threat and deal with the hostile acts of a foreign power. There is no question here of "our country, right or wrong." Our country is right. If it does not assert its rights under international law, recognized by Germany herself until it became her interest to throw law to the dogs of war, this is no country at all. It is or soon will be a satrapy of Germany—with William Joel Stone representing Missouri in the Reichstag, although no emperor will very much rely on him after the way he has treated President Wilson. There is no question of denying any senator the right to vote his opinion, however opposed to the general sentiment. The question is only of preventing a minority from defeating the will of a majority by preventing the taking of a vote on the matter at issue.

And still I come back to this—the people of the United States do not want war. That is why they wanted Wilson for president again—because he does not want war. If war comes, it must come through Germany's action in direct violation of our rights at sea. Her Mexico-Japanese plot is infantile. No one minds that except as revelative of Germany's real feeling towards us. Let her try to sink our ships in clear and unmistakable defiance of the law of nations and then not even the skulking tactics of

"Gum Shoe Bill" on her behalf will be equal to the task of preventing our defense of those ships.

We shall defend our rights against attack. I doubt if we will become a partner in the Entente. It is no part of our duty to crush Germany for her enemies. It is our duty to defend ourselves against Germany. It is our duty to fight, if necessary, for the rights of all neutrals. It is our duty to fight for law. For the President has told the world that this country stands for a world ruled by law and not by conscienceless force. That is the essence of all the President's peace proposals—peace by the power of equal law, with enough force behind the law to compel respect for it. There can be no peace without order.

Meanwhile, the country is not helpless. The President will find the authority to act when he is possessed by the will to act. For the present, his scope of contemplated action lacks definition in the diffuseness of his utterances. It is not desirable that the Congress should abdicate all power in the present crisis. That would be a bad precedent. We must not scrap our tripartite system of government and all our liberties at the first threat of trouble. There is no occasion for people to lose their heads. In fact, the people are very calm. They are not crazy to get into the great war but they are not such cowards as to put up with violence at the hands of an empire running amok through the world.

If Germany really wants war with us, she will get it, and Senator Stone and the filibusters cannot prevent it by lying down and inviting trampling under Prussian boots. The spirit of this country cannot be talked to death, when the country is treated with contempt and its plainest rights violated. Congress will respond to the country first by establishing cloture within reason. And then it will back up the President in all things short of abdicating all its powers in his favor. The senate may even remove Stone from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, though his gum shoes are no longer dangerous, for they make a noise like the wooden shoes of Teutonic tradition. The filibuster has cleared the atmosphere, and the country will "clear for action."

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### *The Sectarian Ku-Klux*

**T**O-DAY in St. Louis party primaries are being held to nominate candidates for mayor and other city offices. The aspirants are all men of good reputation but there is no definition of real issues between them. The campaign culminates in a welter and wallow of accusation and insinuation having to do with the relation of candidates to an organization pledged to defeat for office all candidates of Catholic faith or associations. This "religious" aspect of the struggle is disgusting. It makes for irrational, prejudiced voting and stirs up and spreads suspicion and hatred among the people. The anti-Catholic organization is not even honestly anti-Catholic. It sells its support at the polls to the highest bidder and knives every candidate who doesn't "come across." It is a secret society whose purpose is graft and whose method is blackmail. The merest whisper that a candidate belongs to this order is sufficient to line up the Catholic voters against him, and of course, the honest Knownothings, for there are some such, vote blindly against a man who may be guilty of nothing more than numbering Catholics among his relatives-in-law. Thus the primary is being fought out on the issues of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew rather than upon anything having bearing upon the needs of the city for the next four years. To interpose any considerations of civic purpose in such fight would be useless. The situation has but one hopeful aspect, namely, that all the men aspiring to office have brains enough and decency enough not to be proscriptionists of fellow-citizens for their religious faith and that the nominees of the two great parties will be, therefore,

unamenable to the influence of any sectarian Ku-Klux.

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### *Collier's Million*

COLLIER'S WEEKLY announces that it has a million readers of each issue. It deserves every one of them and more. For *Collier's* is a periodical into which are put clear thought and fine feeling. It is distinctively a national weekly—embodying better than any other publication of universal circulation more of the better manifestations of the American spirit. There is no pussy-footing about its expression of opinion. It has its own policies but is not inhospitable to the opposing point of view. Its editorials are written in English of the best. Its stories have the range of life itself. It deals with world-events in the broadest spirit, preferring the calm interpretation of facts to distortion of them. I congratulate the million "steadies" who enjoy each week communion with Editor Mark Sullivan, his staff and his clever contributors. They get the stuff that makes of living something more than the gratifications of the beasts that perish.

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### *Our Little Theater*

LAST week's performances by the Little Playhouse Company at the Little Theater were excellent. They showed the organization as having found itself. The players are much better in realistics than they are in fantasies. They began to reveal their quality in Ibsen's "Ghosts," and it was a revelation to the Little Theater clientele. Last week they strengthened the impression of their power of portrayal in the playlet, "Her Children," by Mr. Robert Hanna, a St. Louisan, and in Strindberg's "The Stronger." Mr. Hanna's play is the dramatization of a newspaper item, an amorality, so to speak, based upon the eternal morality of mother-love. That it is exceptional and exotic is not fatal. If it were even more abnormal to our conventions it would still have been vividly realized by the acting of Misses Scott and Hertz and Mr. Millman. These same actresses were quite wonderful in that curious study of feminine psychology, "The Stronger," by Strindberg. This is art too good for an exclusive and almost esoteric cult. It should not be marked "confidential." And this applies also to Mr. Mellman's *Don Pietro Caruso*. Such acting and such plays encourage us to hope that soon there may be fulfilled the rhyming prophecy of Mr. Carlos Hurd:

Hush, Little Theater, don't you cry:  
You'll be commercialized by-and-by.

The Little theater must overflow into the big theater, to make its art count. Its best will do so, for there is no doubt that the big theater is looking for plays and players with true art. The movies will not rule forever. The girl-shows are not all the theatricals we inclusives need. When the little theaters produce the really good in drama and acting, the big theater will take it and make it pay, but the art and acting must be good to the many and not alone to the highbrows who like their æsthetic food "high" in flavor or of a daintiness to which the insubstantiality of angel-cake and omelette soufflé is positively molybdenously ponderous.

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### *Playing at Love*

AGAIN we have proof that the spoken drama is not dead. There are charming vitality and clever dramaturgy in "The Great Lover" at the Jefferson theater this week, and the acting is of a thoroughness and finish to warm the heart. Mr. Leo Ditrichstein may have his limitations as a mimetic artist, but within those limitations he is unsurpassed. No one can better present the artistic temperament with its superficial intensity and its immediate responsiveness to the appeal to the emotions complicated with vanity. The childlike selfishness of Ditrichstein's *Jean Paurel*, his superstition, his surrender to the charm of worshipful beauty, his goodness, if shallowness, of heart—all this is delightful. The play itself, simple in construction and puerile in plot, is nevertheless an admirable exposition of the Aprilian readiness of tears and laughter in a man own brother to Arthur Schnitzler's *Anatol*. Its characterization



is true to the mercurial life of the operatic world and the emotional scenes touch the spectator but lightly before they pass into comedy more pathetic than the passions unconsciously counterfeited by the persons of the play. Mr. Ditrichstein is the tenor of all time, an artist always acting, even to himself, and loving because he knows he does it well, with a dainty touch. When he loses his voice he still has his art of loving as a medium of expression and is immediately happy where a few minutes before he was desolate. An admirable performance this, with a cleanly continental atmosphere over its delicate delineations. The company is excellent in its polyglotness and there is one actor in it, Mr. William Ricciardi, of a most captivating ebullience and effervescence. I should say that most of us should see "The Great Lover." It will cure us of taking love too seriously what time we do not take it with that dirtiness of puritanism which spoils paganism with a sense of sin.

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#### Join the Red Cross

EVERYBODY should enlist under the Red Cross. That is a kind of preparedness to which no exception can be taken. Pacifist and militarist should be at one against the horrors of war. And it is to be remembered that the beneficent activities of the Red Cross association are not limited in their exercise to the mitigation of suffering caused by human strife, but extend to the relief of distress and destitution occasioned by disasters of earthquake, fire and flood and famine. Membership in the Red Cross gives anybody a fair start on the way to realization of universal brotherhood and sisterhood.

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#### Support the Governor

IN the play of politics at the state capital it is impossible to discern now the ultimate fate of all Governor Gardner's measures for the raising of revenue and the rationalization of the commonwealth's system of taxation, but this can be seen, that if the governor's plans be rejected, and nothing better be substituted, the present condition must continue and the end of that is state bankruptcy. The governor is the only one who has any plan or programme. It may not meet all the deficit that seems inevitable, but it will take care of much of it. The legislature cannot simply do nothing without making certain the overwhelming repudiation of the dominant party at the next election. This legislature should carry out the governor's recommendations. There is as good support for their constitutionality as for their unconstitutionality. They should put them through and let the courts decide. Moreover, the legislature should pass the workmen's compensation act and the bills recommended by the Children's Code commission. Those proposals are in accord with the progressive, melioristic social spirit of the age and Missouri should not blazon herself as a backward community by rejecting measures in accord with the best thought in the domain of social science. The state should get in step with the march of progress. It should follow its governor in getting away from stagnant bourbonism. If the Democratic party is really democratic it will not render futile the constructive policies of its leader in the executive mansion.

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THERE is no hope of driving a wedge between Germany and Austria-Hungary on the submarine issue. Austria-Hungary will not desert her ally, any more than Japan will break away from the Entente. Austria-Hungary is for sinking neutral ships, crews, passengers, cargos, without warning, though the law of nations expressly says this shall not be done. The motto of the Teutonic powers is "To hell with law!"

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#### Woman Suffrage in Arkansas

THE Arkansas legislature has passed a bill permitting women to vote in primary elections. The governor says he will sign it. This is not much, perhaps, to the rest of the world, but it is a great deal for Arkansas. It puts the state of the Immortal Traveler a notch above the state of Joe

Bowers in the roster of civilization, even though the bill attaches a poll-tax limitation upon the suffrage. A curious approval of the bill is to be found in the statement that a vote at the Democratic primaries is equivalent to full suffrage because nomination is equivalent to election. The bland assumption that there is no such thing as a Republican vote is delicious.

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#### One Man's Work

ONE good man in the right place is of incalculable worth to a state. One good man in the Missouri House of Representatives has succeeded in giving the state a start towards the establishment of a system of good roads that will increase all land values, that will bring producers nearer to markets, that will lower the cost of living, that will make life in the country pleasanter and more profitable, that will bring rural and urban populations to a better mutual understanding. And in addition to all this, the new road legislation will bring to the state a large apportionment of the good roads appropriation of the federal government. The one man who put this over is Mr. Harry B. Hawes of St. Louis, sometime a much denounced political boss. Few men, very few, in the history of Missouri have done as much real good to the state as this practical politician whose practicality rises in this instance to the dignity of true statesmanship. Mr. Hawes deserves much honor for his splendid work. Men of his stamp are what Missouri most needs now. Let us hope that he will have many imitators in such activities among the young men with whom he has shown so much influence in his political leadership.

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#### The Doctor Admiral

WELL, here's hoping that "a little group of willful men" will not filibuster to prevent the confirmation of the appointment of Dr. Cary Grayson to the rank of rear admiral, jumping many older men. Dr. Grayson has been an excellent conservator of the presidential health. He will probably make a good medical rear admiral. It is not material that the President's party has condemned such personal appointments by presidents belonging to the other party to the demoralization of the army and navy services. Just now such an appointment can be justified on the ground of its consonance with the necessity of empowering the President to take all necessary action to protect the national interests and honor. Rear Admiral Grayson may be a necessary part of preparedness for contingencies. The doctor should be confirmed. Stand by the President!

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#### An Aspect of War

LOOK at the papers and see what the rumor of war does. Note the spy madness that is epidemic, the discovery of plots. Every reform movement is checked because the people are concerned only about war. Folks are less concerned even about the high cost of living than about the likelihood of a call to the colors. They are not worried about alien and sedition acts. They don't care about war-measures to muzzle free speech and free press. They don't care how large may be the war appropriations. The war drives everything else of a public character out of their heads. War time is a fine time to put anything over under the guise of patriotism. It is no wonder that the men and women who are trying to make this country a better place to live in, better representative of the ideals of Americanism are not clamant for war. The work of twenty years in the social phases of politics is in danger of being brought to naught. The men who did or who sympathized with that work are the men who did most to elect Woodrow Wilson last November. He cannot ignore their disinclination towards war. That is why he goes no further in the direction of war than an armed neutrality. He will still keep us out of war, if he can, for the sake of all the forward movements that war would imperil. But he cannot keep us out of war if Germany makes war upon our commerce. He will have to resist in order to keep us a self-respecting nation commanding the respect of other nations because of our self-respect.

## What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

SINCE the publication last November of "The Great Valley," by Edgar Lee Masters (Macmillan, New York), I have not only read the book but a hundred critiques of it. Those criticisms have been of various tenor, but none of the more serious critics seems to have discovered that the analogy to Masters among the great English poets is not Whitman but Browning. So far as I can make out, what most disparagers of Masters cannot abide is his thought. It is this that makes him "difficult." Masters is no mere jingler. He is no tickler of the ear. He is concerned with the essence of life and with the mystery of character. He is not a fatuous optimist nor a pessimist to whom the taste of life has grown stale. He may incline somewhat to a view that "men are a little breed," but he resists that tendency nobly most of the time. He, like Browning, is for the men and women who tackle life and its problems and do not dodge them. His scorn is for the compromisers. His men and women are not labelled as incarnations of any philosophy. They are folk who are caught in the web of circumstance and fight themselves free or fail to do so. Environment may be too strong for them, or they may have some defect that weakens their will, but they are after all just human beings and, for good or ill, resultants of forces they do not understand. Mr. Masters' own philosophy of life is possibly as yet unfixed. It seems to worry him into a sort of exasperation; but he never quite surrenders a certain idealism even when life seems, as exemplified in some cases, most like "a tale told by an idiot." Take such a poem as "Come, Republic;" can there be a better expression of true patriotism than that? Take his portraiture of Lincoln in two or three poems—there is nothing of the steel engraving about it. It is a piece of splendid daring to give us the depiction of Lincoln by Count Gobineau as a superman. The poem on the Lincoln-Douglas debates is a condensation of that epoch: "You'll see that Linkern was against the legal law, and Douglas was against the moral law, so-called, and neither cared for the other's law—and that was the real debate. . . . Is it better to have the Union or better to have a master race?" In the poem "Autoethon," contrasting Lincoln, Darwin and Tennyson, there is a splendid glorification of the first of these as not of the faith of those "who make economic goals the strain and test of life." Lincolnian libertarianism was that of Truth and Beauty even "when they curb and vanquish the lower heights of beauty and of truth." I cannot see Masters as "the village atheist blaspheming over the village idiot." In all his work I find a faith in something not ourselves. He has a faith that there is in Americans something of the flame from beyond the world. And that Masters is no detached observer of life, careless of the woes he beholds, no one can maintain who reads the poem, "The Mourner's Bench." The girl who has gone wrong would fain join the mourners but cannot face the scorners; she would go to the Saviour but is forced back to Charley. It is no man of deadened heart who tells us about Cato Braden and the other people of Winston Prairie, the girls who were jailed there for plying their vocation. The problem of Winston Prairie is the problem of the shaping of life by genius working through character. Masters not a poet! Who can say so after reading "The Garden" or "The Houses" or "I Shall Never See You Again." No feeling, say some of the critics. Masters' feeling is not nimbly expressed, but it is feeling beyond conventional expression. What feeling is finer and truer than that of aged Emily Brousseau speaking over her husband's coffin in the church? It is not the sentimentality of Darby and Joan, but something wider, higher and deeper. "Be With Me Through the Spring" is an exquisite lyric of memory and regret. "In The Loggia" is a poem with a love-thought in it that is as fine as sad. For the universality of Masters' sympathy I refer anyone to such widely separated themes as "Slip-Shoe Lovey,"



a ballad of a "slavey," and "The Apology of Demetrius," the artist of Athens, who is sure that, though Paul's preaching threatens his livelihood as a maker of statues of the gods, there can be no end of art, for always will there be worship of the Unknown God—the ultimate beauty—and that worship will endure in art's aspiration. For civic vision I commend a reading of "The Municipal Pier." And no woman can read "The Asp" without sensing in it the tragedy of her sex. "Bombyx" is beautiful too.

Masters has faults, grave ones. They grow out of a too complete acceptance of the doctrine that anything or everything is poetry. He tries too often to "get everything in the picture." In this way realism is overdone at times. Art is no agglutination. It is rather elimination or selection. It is when Masters is most Whitmaniacal in his inclusiveness of material that he spoils his poetry and descends to the prosaic. In the main, though, his taste is not to be questioned. He may grasp too much, but he never fails to seize the salient things about his subject. He may see things ugly or unpleasant but he never fails to see the beauty of the world or of character. Those who say there is no music in his verse indict their own ears. They do not know how to read, else they would sense his grave rhythm. His rhyme is so subtle that one reads his poems sometimes thinking they are free verse when in fact they are most artistically rhymed. Who of the later balladists has given us a better work in that form than "The Search," the last poem in "The Great Valley?" If there be readers who do not "get" it, they are not readers who can get "general ideas" or they are deficient in literary education. But all of Masters' poetry is difficult to mere lovers of sing-song. The thought in it is what puzzles people who think all poetry must be something like what we now call "rag-time." The work of Masters seldom lacks cadence and you get the cadence if you get the thought. It has rhythm, too, as reading aloud will prove. This book may not appeal to the many as does "Spoon River Anthology." It is too tough with thought for those who care only for the anecdote in unjustified type. Its themes are subtler—the substance of the poems is less material. The stories are soul-stories or they are incidents that have their significance in the drama of the mind. Even when he deals with sex—for which he has been harshly criticised—he is concerned with its spiritual mystery back of the physical urge. Sex is a Fury that no psycho-analyst has resolved into stuff-of-dreams. And it is a fiercer Fury to the man who finds it in a complex of which thought is another ingredient. "The Great Valley" is in a philosophical sense a greater book than "Spoon River Anthology" and to the initiate caring for subtler things, better poetry, though not of so universal an appeal. That he has no teleology some religious critics do aver. Well, that is not true. He senses a central Purpose, and as *Capt. John Whistler* says, though "our triumphs, sorrows, even our names" are "forgotten and all we knew lost in the wreck and waste and change of things, and even what we did for cities, nobler states and greater men forgotten too, it matters not: we work for cities, nobler states and greater men, or else we die in Life, which is the death which soldiers must not die." There is greatness of soul in "The Great Valley."

Mr. John L. Hervey's brilliant parallel between Jack London and O. Henry, published in last week's issue of the MIRROR had especial interest for me, because of its bearing upon my reading of the "O. Henry Biography," by C. Alphonso Smith (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). C. Alphonso Smith is professor of English in the University of Virginia. He is a fervent admirer of O. Henry or, to give him his true name, William Sydney Porter. But Professor Smith has not done much in the way of a biography. He is most southronly concerned to impress us with the excellence of his subject's family. With that no one would quarrel, for we like to know about the background of any man whose biography is worth writing, but Mr. Smith's work in this respect gives me an impression of being curiously cramped. It seems to me to be written

under strong inhibitions. It lacks the quality of flow, though indisputably the subject matter to his hand is excellent material and would have made an excellent story. That O. Henry freely used this material in many of his own short stories is made plain by Mr. Smith as he goes along, but the biographer does not let himself go. Will Porter's family was a good one. He had a rich inheritance of character. He had dreamers and expressionists for immediate forbears. He was a very boyish boy. He read "Jack Harkaway" and "Dick Lighthouse," stories the boys to-day do not know. Excellent stories they were, by Bracebridge Heming, whose name is unknown to the present boy-world. Young Porter had no inconsiderable gift as an artist. The family fortunes did not flourish and the boy after some education which was reinforced by desultory reading, went to work as clerk in a drug store. This was the public forum, the substitute for the agora in Greensboro, North Carolina, and there he had opportunity for that observation of character which in his stories is an unfailing delight. He was a Southerner, with a slight ancestral deposit of Quakerism. Even he had an anti-slavery ancestor. His mother had written a graduation essay on "The Influence of Misfortune on the Gifted." Will Porter was born into the world of reconstruction, the world of the carpet-bagger in the South. He sensed the farce and the criminality of all that, as a boy, and he drew a caricature of the departure for the north of Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," who realized the folly of the reconstruction method of dealing with the South. All that Mr. Smith tells or has others tell us through letters about Will Porter shows us a bright, clever, ambitious boy always wondering what might be around the corner. This sense of wonder it was that became the magic in the short stories he wrote in after years. There was something in every man's life, just around the corner. Every man had a story and the story consisted in the incident that developed his real character in contradistinction to his apparent character. Mr. Smith deals in his cramped fashion with the tragedy that made Will Porter into O. Henry. The story of the young man's incarceration in the United States penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, for the alleged crime of embezzlement is a sad one, and possibly it has been exploited more than enough, but if the story was to be told at all, it should have been told more explicitly and definitely than Mr. Smith tells it. As I knew the story years ago, Porter took upon himself the crime of another. He knew who was that other. This the biographer seems not to indicate with clearness. Young Porter made the mistake of running away to South America, but came back, stood trial and was convicted. He had done writing very much worth while before his conviction, but it was after he became a convict that he found himself, in a literary sense. As a man he never lost himself. There is that in his letters from prison to his daughter which is utterly inconsistent with any theory of his guilt of any crime. How he came into his own as America's best story-teller since Poe, is well known. His "shadowed years" enriched his life. His misfortune glorified his gift. The iron may have entered his soul, but only to sweeten it. The stories of O. Henry are the stories of a man who loves his kind. He found beauty everywhere. He reveled in the revelations of loyalties. His interest was in men's and women's goodness because that he saw most of. His humor was marked by tenderness. It played over the foibles of men rather than their faults. He saw everybody as a figure in a great romance. Everyone was likely to step into some fine event, just around the corner. Porter, or O. Henry, was the romancist of the four million. He was a great democrat. He said to all, "Neither do I condemn thee." If he hated anything in life it was meanness of spirit. His gift was a gift of transfiguration. His stories have truth but they are not realistic in the usual sense. They have glamor. They make no capitulation to the vicious. However he touched life he left it clean. That is his crowning glory. It may be said with some truth that his manner and method became a trick of a mock

grandiose introduction, with distorted proverbs and deliberate malapropisms, with a surprise at the end that gave a twist to the surprise for which the reader was prepared, but it was a trick unknown before and unmastered since by any of the hundreds of his imitators. He had not only invention but imagination. The people in his stories are, it must be confessed, idealized into a conformity with the American moral code. They are not beyond good and evil. They have an underlying harmony with the conventions. But for O. Henry's humor he might have been too much of a sentimentalist. His stories are not comparable with Maupassant's, save in cleverness. They are not true in the way the Frenchman's stories are true. But they are in their way perfectly done. Mr. Smith traces the origins of many of the O. Henry stories. He gives the stories perhaps more significance than is theirs, though nothing is more certain than that they will continue for a long time to please the mere lover of good stories and at the same time the people who care for the art with which a good story is told. In truth, O. Henry might have written the great American novel—with much of truth and more of artifice,—if he had not died so untimely. He was an artist of little range of method, though much of sympathy, and he was very much of a man.

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It was inevitable that O. Henry's success should have developed imitators in abundance, male and female. His method of approach to a story is so mannered that it invites imitation. There are half a hundred writers making money by such more or less successful imitation now. But there is one writer generally classed among the imitators who does not belong in that class. I mean Jack Lait. That man is a wonder. Think of him writing a story a day for years for the *Chicago Herald*—stories always readable, always with a point—stories oftentimes fulfilling the highest requirements of the short story. His writing is always marked by a wonderful ease. It is plastic and it can be musical at times. It ranges from rhetorical elegance to the effective use of the very latest colloquialisms. Lait is a master of the effective use of slang. He has the O. Henry trick of giving a humorous turn to a familiar quotation. He philosophizes introductorily much as O. Henry does, too. He moves more swiftly into his action. He concentrates more directly. He simplifies his story and comes to his climax with greater celerity. He is in his own way a highly efficient deliverer of "the punch." His range of character interpretation is not so large. But he knows the true romance of the city as surely as O. Henry does. He is a literary reporter, limited in time and space. A collection of his stories is published under the title, "Beef, Iron and Wine" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). Every story in it "lands" on the reader. There is not a failure among them. The crook stories are very good indeed. Lait's crooks are of the very stuff we know from our reading of the stories in the daily papers of the city gangs. The people indeed are better than the incidents in these crook stories. The other tales have the charm of happy characterization and of depiction of familiar things. A story like "Felice of the Follies" is a gem of cynic sentimentalism or sentimental cynicism. "If a Party Meet a Party" is a happy stroke of sentimental humor. "Annye's Ma" is a captivating farcicality. "Pics" is a sketch of newspaper life and so is "The Septagon." All of them have the atmosphere of the city. They are told without patent style. They read as if they were written absolutely off-hand. They have a reportorial freshness. They are apparently as unstudied as the news of the day. And they make you feel kindly towards people—all kinds of people. They are stories that fulfill the primary purpose of a story—they please. They are not masterpieces of prose, but they are super-journalistic felicities, written at the drop of the hat, and they make the reader forget his troubles in concern with the personalities Mr. Jack Lait has found in his reportorial rounds and translated with a romantic touch or two to his book with the tonic title, "Beef, Iron and Wine."



## Natural Rights

By A. G. Huie

(Sydney, N. S. W.)

**T**HIS series of lessons on Natural Rights is to give children correct ideas, first as to their rights as individuals, second as to the rights of the community of which they are members. The right to live is equal. It therefore follows that the right to earn a living is equal. In order to maintain equal rights to earn a living the rights of the people as a whole or as a community, must be respected. Finally, men and women have a right to be quite free to exchange the produce of their labor for the produce of the labor of other people. These four rights must be taken together, as they constitute the natural rights of the people.

### LESSON I.

#### *The Right to Live is Equal*

**NATURAL RIGHTS ARE EQUAL.**—The right to live in the world is just the same for all men, women and children. They are born with equal natural rights. They must all live on the land, so that their claim upon it for support is the same in all cases. It makes no difference whether people live in towns or cities, or in country districts. They all live upon some part of the surface of the earth—in other words, upon the land.

**WE DEPEND UPON THE LAND.**—The land is the one and only source from which we obtain food, clothing, shelter, and all other things that we use as long as we live in the world. We depend upon the land as do the birds and the beasts, the trees and the flowers. Apart from the land, men and women cannot live.

**THEIR CLAIM UPON THE LAND IS EQUAL.**—Their claim upon the land for support is equal, no matter how unequal or varied their talents may be. Even those who go down to the sea in ships depend upon the land. Ships are made of materials taken out of the land. The goods which are carried in them are also products of the land. And finally, they must have access to the land at some wharf or jetty to load or unload goods.

**TALENTS OR POSITION AND NATURAL RIGHTS.**—One man may be twice as strong as another, or twice as clever, but that does not affect the equal right of all men to the land. The son of the poorest working-man has just as good a right to live in the world as the son of the governor-general or the son of the prime minister. Both need food, clothes, and shelter. There is no difference in their natural right to live in the world.

**LIFE, LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS.**—All boys and girls, therefore, should feel and understand that the Creator of the world has endowed them with equal natural rights to life, to liberty, and to seek happiness. But this equal right is the same for all. One man must not interfere with another man's right to live. If he did, then the equal right to life would be denied.

### LESSON II.

#### *The Right to Earn a Living is Equal*

**A LIVING COMES FROM THE LAND.**—A living consists of food, clothing, shelter, and recreation. All these things come from the land. The word "land" is here used in a very wide sense. It means the whole world, but not the people in it.

**A LIVING IS THE RESULT OF WORK.**—In order to get a living, work must be done. Every man and woman should work. If any person gets a living without work, except out of savings, it can only be at the expense of other people. When men and women work they should have their full earnings for themselves and their families.

**MANY WAYS OF EARNING A LIVING.**—There are thousands of ways of earning a living. Some men grow wheat, others grind it into flour, and others bake the flour and make bread. Some men catch fish, others mine coal, and others grow fruit and vegetables. Again, some men build houses, others keep shops, others make clothes, boots, and so on.

**PRODUCTION.**—In a general way there are two kinds of work. First, work on the land, as in growing

wheat, in mining, in producing wool, meat, or fruit, or in making butter, clothing, bricks, or cutting timber, and so on, and in handling and in moving these things until they reach the person who is going to use them. All such work is called production.

**SERVICE.**—The second kind of work is called service. It consists of teaching in our schools and the work of other civil servants, the work of doctors, lawyers, judges, policemen, clergymen, the work of carrying on all kinds of amusements and so on. All work, whether in directly producing things or in any service, is honorable and important, provided that work does not interfere with the equal natural rights of men, women and children.

**A PLACE AND WORK FOR ALL.**—Everybody should be able to get a living at the kind of work he or she likes best, and is best able to do. One man may be a good farmer, other work would not suit him. Another man may be a good teacher, or a good postmaster, or a good carpenter. There is a place and work for everybody in the world.

**THE RESULTS OF WORK.**—When a man works, all that he produces or makes, or the full value of his services, is his. No one else, not even the government, has any right to touch it. One man may work all day at his trade or business, and when he comes home he works in the garden and grows fruit and flowers. What he earns during the day is his. The fruit and flowers are also his. The only thing he must not do is to prevent any other man earning a living and pleasing himself also.

### LESSON III.

#### *The Rights of the Community*

**THE RIGHTS OF PEOPLE AS A WHOLE.**—While the individual has rights, there are rights of another kind which belong to the people as a whole. The rights of the whole people or community are just as important and just as sacred as the rights of each person.

**RICH LAND AND POOR LAND.**—The world is full of the good things that men want for themselves and their families. The land yields grain, fruit, meat, butter, milk, and other good things as the result of work. Some land is very rich and other land is very poor. A little light work on rich land will yield as good a living as a lot of hard work on poor land. Or the same amount of work on good land will yield perhaps four or five times as good a crop as on poor land. In the same way in towns and cities some places are very much better situated for shops, offices, warehouses, or factories, than other places. A day's work on one site brings in much more money than a day's work on other sites.

**LAND VALUE OR GROUND RENT.**—Every farmer wants good land, every business man wants a good position or site, and every householder wants a suitable place to live. When there were only a few people and everybody could get an equally good piece of land no place had any advantage. As the people increased in numbers and resorted to poorer sites, then some were willing to pay a price in order to use the better positions. That payment or price is land value or ground rent.

**TOOLS AND MACHINERY.**—Then there is another matter to consider. Originally men had no tools or machinery to help them in earning a living. As they wanted to get an easier living they made tools and machinery. On the rich land at first a few people made a living. Later on, with the help of tools and machinery, the railways and other conveniences, land that would not yield a living at first now yields a good living.

**PAYING FOR ADVANTAGES.**—The rich land and the better positions now yield much more than a living. So that a man, instead of working on land miles away from a railway or town, finds that he can do better by paying the price for the advantages of land close to the railway or in the town.

**LAND RENT AND LANDOWNERS.**—After he pays that price which is called land rent, there is remaining for him as good a living as if he were working on land farther out, which could be had without paying land rent. This price, or ground rent, arises because of the presence of the people, or, as we say, the population. It is commonly called land value. It is

not made by one man. It is not made by landowners. It is made by the community.

**POPULATION OF PEOPLE VALUE.**—Where there are no people, or very few people, no value attaches to the land. Wherever the people settle the land becomes valuable, and new wants arise which individuals cannot attend to themselves. Roads and streets have to be made, bridges built, railways and tramways constructed. We must provide for the defence of the country, for public health, and we must have policemen to keep order.

**FOR THE COMMON OR GENERAL GOOD.**—All these things must be attended to for the common or general good. They cost money. The right way to get the money is from the population or people value of the land. The man who has land of no rental value should pay nothing towards the cost of public services.

**AN EQUAL CHANCE FOR ALL.**—Those people who have the land of good quality or high value should pay the cost of public services. In that way, persons on poor land will have an equal chance with persons on the good land. Equal rights to earn a living depend upon paying the population or people value of land into the public treasury. In that way it may be used for the equal benefit of all the people.

**TWO KINDS OF NATURAL RIGHTS.**—Therefore, in every country there are two kinds of natural rights, first individual rights, second public, or population, or national rights. One depends upon the other. The individual has a perfect right to all that he produces or earns. The community also has a perfect right to all that it produces, that is, to land rent. It belongs equally to all the people.

### LESSON IV.

#### *The Right of Exchange*

**WORK IS A MEANS TO AN END.**—It is the desire, as well as the right, of every man and woman to get a good living. Work is the only honest means of getting it. Work, however, is not the special object or desire of men and women. Work is but the means to an end, or the means of getting a living, which consists of food, clothing, shelter, and recreation. If a man gets a good living so as to satisfy his wants with working eight hours a day, he won't work nine or ten hours a day. To make him work longer would be to interfere with his equal natural rights.

**THE WORLD IS THE FIELD FOR ALL WORK.**—The world which we live in is complete in itself. Any country, even the best country, is only a part of the world. The world is the field for all work. In all countries the people have to work on the land for a living. And they work at those occupations which yield them the best living for the least work.

**A ROUGH, HARD SORT OF LIVING.**—Many centuries ago in England each family had to do everything for itself. In remote parts of the world that condition exists even now. But it is a very poor sort of living. When a man and his wife had to get all their own food, make their own clothes, build their own house—if they had one—be their own doctor, policeman, and so on, it was a very rough, hard sort of living.

**SUBDIVISION OF WORK.**—That was all changed by the subdivision of work. In our day, the farmer grows wheat, the grazier produces the meat, the miner digs the coal, the school teacher teaches the children, the doctor looks after the sick, and in that way we have experts in all occupations.

**MONEY IS A MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE.**—The farmer wants many other things besides wheat, so he sends his wheat to the market and gets money for it. Money is a medium of exchange and measure of value. It enables the farmer to readily exchange his wheat for all other things he wants. The school teacher, the doctor, the policeman, and many other people are also paid for their services in money. They then can readily obtain what they need in the way of food, clothing, shelter, and recreation. The real exchange is between the goods that one man makes or produces, or the services he performs for other goods or services. All that money does is to make the transaction easy.

**EXCHANGE OF LABOR PRODUCTS SHOULD BE FREE.**—



Every man should be quite free to exchange what he produces for what other people produce. Suppose a man wants a hat or a pair of boots. He finds that he can get a good hat in a shop across the street for 8s. 6d. (\$2.12), but just round the corner there is another shop where he can get a similar hat for 7s. 6d. (\$1.87). So the man goes to the shop where he can get the hat for 7s. 6d., because it means a shilling less work for him to do than if he buys at the other shop.

**WORKING AT THE BEST OCCUPATION.**—In all countries people work in those occupations which yield them the best living, and they exchange what they have to spare for what people in other countries have to spare. We do not grow tea, rice, or cocoa in Australia, but we do grow wheat, meat, butter, and we mine for coal, for silver, lead, copper and other metals.

**THE WAY TO GET THE BEST AND EASIEST LIVING.**—So we exchange some of our products which we have to spare for tea, rice, cocoa, and many other things that people in other countries have to spare. In that way we get an easier and better living. The world is complete in itself; no part is complete by itself. One part helps another part, so that the abundance of the kindly fruits of the earth may be available for the use and enjoyment of all the people of the world.

*From Land Values (London).*

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## True Love

By Addison Lewis

**J.** MORTON FRENCH was a millionaire of thirty-five, tall, handsome, and a cynic—a cynic on the subject of women. The reason was obvious to his friends: he had been petted, cajoled, fought over, fought with, everything short of sand-bagged by scheming mamas with eligible daughters for so long a time that he thought seriously of petitioning Noah Webster's heirs or The Hague Tribunal or whoever has charge of such things for the removal of the letter "W" from the alphabet. The sight of it was a constant reminder of his unpleasant adventures with the sex.

He was not, however, a celibate from choice. On the contrary, he wished to be married; but he had sworn that he would never take maid to wife until he was sure, unqualifiedly sure, that she was in love with him "for himself alone." To this end he evolved a plan whereby he might achieve his heart's desire. He would go to the West, and there in the disguise of a quiet business man, choose a mate who would take him only from the promptings of her heart. Shaving off his moustache and bidding his manicure farewell, he boarded a train for a summer resort in northern Minnesota, to spend several weeks in wearing off some of his habitual refinement.

He had been at this place only ten days when there arrived to enjoy a short vacation a demure country school teacher, Della Brooks. She was an unassuming little thing with "heaps" of unconscious charm, and French very shortly satisfied himself that she was his ideal. But, as a cautious man he decided not to propose until with the aid of a private detective he had investigated her antecedents carefully. The results were startling. Instead of the insignificant schoolmarm she pretended to be, he discovered that she was Aileen Cameron, the daughter of the timber magnate of that name who had recently died, leaving his daughter sole heir. This revelation, although the detective could discover no reason for the girl's incog., was a pure delight to French, because since Cameron's death, he had tried unsuccessfully through his attorneys to get her consent to the sale of a large tract of virgin pine which had been the main part of the timber owner's fortune and the only considerable supply left near a paper pulp mill in which French was heavily interested. His competitors, the Kettle River Pulp Company, had also attempted, with as little success, to get the heiress' consent to its sale. He chuckled for a full half-hour when he heard the news, for he had not the slightest aversion to taking the coveted tract along with the girl's love.

He proposed one afternoon amid the sighing of the pines, and, as he expected, was accepted. After the first embrace he thought the proper time had come to confess his deception, emphasizing the fact that he was proud to bestow his name and fortune upon a penniless girl, but upon one who came to him with a love untainted by any financial expectation.

The girl was much overcome by his disclosure, and faltered that she also had a confession to make, but might she make it to-morrow? French gave his consent in a kiss, and smiled to himself.

The next afternoon they met by appointment. "My confession is much like yours," she began, "or at least it would have been yesterday. I am not a country school teacher as I led you to believe, but the daughter of Paul Cameron, whom they used to call the 'Timber King.' And the reason I came here in disguise is the same as yours: I wanted to meet people as a human being, not as an heiress." She blushed. "If anyone fell in love with me, I wanted to be loved for my own sake—just as you love me. Then when you told me you like me because I was simple and good—penniless, it made me hate myself for my hypocrisy. So, last night, after I left you, I telegraphed the Kettle River Pulp Company, which has been begging me ever since my father died to sell the tract of pine which he left me, that they might have it, and also to my father's second wife, who contested his will, that she was welcome to the proceeds of the sale. So, darling, you see, I am your penniless little girl after all."

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## Maternal Government

By Charles Claflin Allen

**F**OR many years after the American Civil War, the public grew more and more familiar, from political discussions, newspaper articles and the current sources which make popular phrases, with what was more or less vaguely known as Paternal Government. Exactly what it meant no one knew, but later it became crystallized in the phrase as expressing the rule of the few over the many, in the form of monopolies, trusts and large aggregations of capital controlling interstate commerce and the commercial and industrial interests of the country. The spectre-name of this ogre was "The Money Power." Its essence was the sordid, brutal disregard of the rights of others based upon the greed for gold. It had not sentimental emotions and was proud of its masculine struggle for gain. It could well have passed for the strongest type of the *Vaterrecht*, which grew up with the bourgeois love of property in the middle ages. It failed to take heed of the growing feminist tendency of the age toward the restoration of the *Mutterrecht* of the earlier ages, and which is striving to establish what sociologists of to-day, both feminine and effeminate, like to call "Social Justice."

The idea of "the greatest liberty of the individual consistent with the public welfare," brought by our revolutionary ancestors from England, was the basis of the "vested rights" doctrine which was so long the governing idea in America. It found its first great expression in the Dartmouth College case; and this case may be taken as beginning in America the defined form of what Dr. Pound of the Harvard Law School calls "Legal Justice," in contrast with what he designates as "Social Justice."

For convenience, legal justice may be considered as expressing "Paternal Government;" social justice, "Maternal Government."

Woman always governs—directly or indirectly. She always has governed in the ultimate sense. Till recently she was content with the government of individuals. Now she has started out, militantly, to govern governments. Naturally she starts in a maternal fashion, for woman rules man by the strength of motherhood. The instinct is instant and indestructible. She cannot avoid it by any force of reasoning or course of conduct. The little girl

mothers her dolls and other children, especially boys; the young miss mothers the youths; the grown woman, if she marries, mothers her own children, and her own husband, who is usually the most troublesome child of her family. Unmarried women mother everybody's children. As mothers are instinctively care-takers of others, their ideas of governing are founded on taking care of others; and when, as a sex in mass, they engage in public government, their dominant idea is taking care of everyone else. Hence, child-labor laws, factory laws, inspection laws, health laws, eugenic laws, probation laws and juvenile court laws, all spring directly or indirectly from the motherhood of woman, and tend to establish what is here called "Maternal Government."

As to which form of government is the best, opinions may well differ. Government does not define abstract right or wrong, nor rest on abstract ethics; it expresses in some form the consent of the governed, and that government must be best which provides the greatest good to the greatest number.

Assume, if you choose, that the attempt at social justice is sounder in logic and higher in ethics than the old-fashioned legal justice; nevertheless, does not this maternal propensity tend toward hysteria? Women easily become hysterical physiologically and practically. They have begun to claim all the privileges of men and yet would retain all the privileges of women. So far the men, in this country at least, have been complacently acquiescent, and have granted to women practically everything they asked, including the suffrage in a majority of the states, and now they apparently are near granting the franchise by an amendment to the constitution of the United States. How long this complacency of the men will last is yet to be seen. It is difficult to believe that it will not receive a check at no distant day. The government of primitive man by primitive woman was probably accomplished through the same indirect feminine methods which have been recorded since history has been written; and primitive man probably rebelled and knocked down primitive woman when his patience was exhausted, as historical man has kept on doing ever since.

*"For Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this;  
Not like to like, but like in difference,"*

as Tennyson romantically puts this great physiological, psychological, and philosophical thought. Physiologically, man and woman certainly are different. Nothing can change this fact. The instinct of both is toward the perpetuation of the race, but woman alone has the instinct also for its preservation; and this instinct is stronger even than the feminism of to-day and will survive every social system, whether of monogamy, polygamy, polyandry, or promiscuity.

So, when we recognize that the primal instincts of men and women always control their conduct and overcome trained habits, if put to the test, we need not be surprised that woman, seeking her emancipation not from man, but from herself—her sex—follows these instincts. Following them, she now establishes the standards for marriage and divorce, and for all sex relations; and claims the right to control—artificially, if necessary—the birth of children. And with her rebellion at marriage ties, her demand for a single standard of sex relations, and her demand for birth control, woman is developing forms of feminism which lead in so many directions that their outcome cannot be foreseen. All of them are radical deviations from what have long been deemed the normal as well as the legal relations between the sexes, and all are designed for the special benefit of women.

If the advocates of birth-control who are now seeking martyrdom through hunger-strikes in prison, are to prevail, they are inviting a sex war which may bring the world around in the cycle of the centuries to the necessity for "marriage by capture," which was the only legal marriage in early Rome.

The primitive man is not yet dead;—though "per-adventure he sleepeth."



# Washington Pie: or The Public Buildings of Medicine Hat

By Phelim O'Toole

SOMEWHERE out West, on the banks of the Platte, Nestled the Village of Medicine Hat; Dreaming a dream of a future heroic— Biding its time with a fortitude stoic.

Slowly it grew, and as time wore away, Remembered that Rome wasn't built in a day. Remembered—but why, for the matter of that, Shouldn't all roads lead to Medicine Hat?

Scant were the years since a wigwam or two Had marked the last stand of the vanishing Sioux. Here, where the buffalo wallowed and died, The white men had come in their strength and their pride.

They tilled the soil and they bartered and sold, And their wealth increased a hundred-fold.

Others came, and they built their shacks In a straggling row—like lumber-jacks.

They kept on coming—more and more, So Bill Jones started a General Store; But the settlement tasted a sweeter boon, When Doyle threw open the Shamrock Saloon.

In the little log schoolhouse down by the crick Children wrestled with 'rithmetic; Time wore on, as time will do— And slowly but surely the village grew.

The bad man prospered less and less, The railroad followed the Pony Express; Church-bells rang in the clear, pure air From the belfry across the Village Square.

Main Street seemed on a Market Day Almost as crowded as old Broadway. Medicine Hat was as gay as Hell From the Oprey House to the Grand Hotel.

Medicine Hat grew more elate, Dreaming an ever higher fate, Burned with ambition insatiate To forge ahead at a rapider gate.

Medicine Hat just couldn't wait, But schemed and struggled early and late, Padded the Census and startled the State With a mighty resolve to incorporate.

Great was the joy in Medicine Hat, Red-fire burned on the banks of the Platte, Red liquor flowed—and a shooting affray Marked the end of a perfect day.

Think you that Medicine Hat was content With the pride of municipal government? Not on your life—Nay, nay, Pauline, Medicine Hat sheltered wits more keen.

Other towns were thriving too— Roaring Bull and Squatting Sioux; Medicine Hat couldn't rest at her ease And be passed in the race for fame by these.

So by an artifice rather neat They made the town the county seat. Roaring Bull roared a horrible roar While Squatting Sioux stood up and swore.

But Medicine Hat just settled back And showed its heels to the snarling pack.

The jail was full, and the town was gay, Medicine Hat was on its way.

One fine spring morning Rufus Bunk Blew into town with a haircloth trunk, A copy of Blackstone under his arm, And a manner suave and full of charm.

The newcomer wore a long frock coat And a serious air like Joseph Choate. From his dress and manner they quickly saw That he'd come to stay and to practice law.

Old Judge Peters was holding court In the afternoon when a loud report Shattered the quiet and raised the hair Of the drowsy jurors snoozing there.

Outside the tread of hurrying feet Sounded along the sunny street; Judge and Jury made a dive To see if the victim was still alive.

The crowd converged at Doyle's saloon, Forming a ring 'round Jim Muldoon, Who brandished the pistol, smoking hot, With which he'd fired the fatal shot.

Bunk elbowed his way through the gaping crowd And flourished his card with a gesture proud; Then whispered words of hope and cheer Into the dazed assassin's ear.

All who attended the trial say Bunk managed the case in a masterly way. From his opening speech the Jury saw That Bunk had been reading the Unwritten Law.

He switched next day to Self-Defense, And on the third his eloquence Wrung crocodile tears from every eye, As he rested his case on an alibi.

Medicine Hat swelled up with pride; Strong men sniffled, and women cried. Jim was acquitted, and Bunk's renown Spread like wildfire through the town.

By leaps and bounds his practice grew; He was sought to defend and sought to sue. But he cinched his fame at the Barbecue With some touching remarks on the Gray and the Blue (Lightened by chestnuts from Chauncey Depew).

Rufus Bunk was marked by Fate From the time he began to articulate For a post important in the State, In fact, he was born to legislate.

At the next election Rufus went Up to the State House to represent His adopted town—and, truth to tell, He represented it very well.

It was thanks to Bunk's uncanny skill, That paragraph two in the Buildings Bill Dug the cellar and built the wall Of the center wing of the New Town Hall.

Paragraph eight went on to state That the mansard roof should be covered with slate. Amendment three pertained to floors, And article seven to—cuspidors.

Architects were asked to submit Sample plans which they thought might fit.

The prize was won by Inigo Pratt, The leading designer of Medicine Hat.

The new Town Hall was a sight to see— A marvel of ingenuity.

Vagrant styles were allowed to roam From the Doric Porch to the Gothic Dome.

Elizabethan minarets Punctuated the parapets; Gargoyles goggled with gruesome glee. Inigo surely earned his fee!

But honor to him to whom honor is due— Bunk it was that put the deal through, And he pondered greater triumphs to come: For Medicine Hat was going some.

Gratitude, so the cynics say, Is nothing more than the price we pay For future favors—"A sporting chance,"— In plainer terms, "Just a little advance."

The town in one of its gratefullest moods

Saw that Bunk could deliver the goods. So they sent him to Congress, confident that He'd further the interests of Medicine Hat.

With Congressman Bunk in Washington They were sure at last of a place in the Sun.

Rufus, however, with modest grace, Chose for himself a shady place.

His long frock coat and statesman's tie, His beetling brow and his eagle eye, On the banks of the Platte might be worthy of note, But as Congressman Bunk he was only a vote.

Only a single vote, 'tis true— But weird are the things a vote can do. Sweet are the fruits a vote may bear If tenderly treated and handled with care.

A glance at the record of Ayes and Noes, By a student of history, plainly shows That Bunk cast his vote with as sure an eye As ever a trout-fisher cast a fly.

Senator Sorghum, sleek and fat, Watched the member from Medicine Hat; Studied the records and saw that he Was a fellow of perspicacity.

Senator Sorghum's smile was bland As he grasped the Medicine Hatter's hand. They looked each other in the eye And what they each read there was—Pie.

Senator Sorghum and Congressman Bunk Stared for a moment—and then they wink. A well-timed wink is a potent thing. Medicine Hat was in the ring.

That Senator Sorghum's bill went through Without any hitches, was largely due To the terms of an amiable joker whereby Medicine Hat got its share of the Pie.

So this is the tale of that noble pile Built in the Greco-Roman style, Which rises out of the prairie flat— The Post-Office Building of Medicine Hat.

While they were bickering as to the site, Real Estate values soared over night. Bunk chose a tract on the narrow-gauge branch Three miles this side of the Lone Star Ranch.

Grunting Steam Shovels and Creaking Cranes

Presently littered the fruitful plains; And the Leisure Class of Medicine Hat Bossed the job as they argued and spat.

Corinthian Columns and half-tone views Filled the front page of the *Alkali News*. Reams were written and songs were sung; The one word "Bunk" was on every tongue.

The Sporting Editor wrote a piece On Pericles and the glories of Greece, And cleverly proved by comparative tables The meager extent of the Augean stables.

Little groups gathered to speculate On what was meant by the Stylobate. And Congressman Bunk was highly amused As he thought of the style o' bait he had used.

The local mail had been handled of yore In a cage at the back of Bill Jones' store. But Bunk, recollecting the Hotel de Ville, Had seized on the chance for a much bigger deal.

If the town was tickled, that worthy gent Cared not a farthing how much was spent. Frugal creatures might sneer and scoff, As for Medicine Hat—the Lid was off.

Uncle Sam was the guy who paid For the chaste and stately colonnade, For the lapis lazuli corridors And the tessellated marble floors.

Rich and profligate Uncle Sam Was much too careless to give a damn. Year by year he had grown more lax As he saw more nephews and nieces to tax.

The building was finished and dazzled the eye. Of the traveling man as the train sped by. Rome in her glory could never boast Such a splendid "Bureau des Postes."

Congressman Bunk is in office still, Playing the game with his well-known skill. Sorghum and Bunk work hand in glove, Swapping and trading—but not for love.

Government contracts everywhere Are controlled by the whims of this precious pair; Theirs is the will we allow to prevail Over Power-House, Customs House, Courthouse and Jail.

Both the cause and effect of Washington Pie Are—first a sweet tooth, then an Aye for an Aye.

Senator Sorghum has learned to trust Congressman Bunk to flavor the crust.

On the other hand, Rufus, with exquisite taste, Relies upon Sorghum to sweeten the paste. And their personal records are apt to show That Somebody, somewhere, needs the dough.

Unbiased critics are wont to decry Our national fondness for Washington Pie.

For we're prone to forget in the heat of the quest, Though it tickles the palate, it's hard to digest.

## Letters From the People

Have at You, Mr. Smith!

St. Louis, March 2, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Mr. Lewis Worthington Smith's letter in to-day's issue of the MIRROR provokes the question, "In heaven's name, gentlemen, how long does it take to make an Englishman?" There are a great many so-called Americans of Mr. Smith's type who have been putting forth frantic efforts, since the outbreak of the war, to fasten the blame for the American Revolution on Germany. It is of a piece with the achievement of the British who, some eighteen months ago, discovered that the Reformation was not started in Germany, but in Bulgaria. That was before Bulgaria went into the conflict on the side of Germany.

We are being told again that it was not the English but "a stupid German king" who alienated the Colonies by his Tory tyrannies. The friction did not become acute until 1761, and whereas the apologists for the course of Great Britain are able to refer to the speeches of five great statesmen who saw the folly of Britain's course, the Parliament of that period was sufficiently topheavy with Toryism to support the king in his reactionary course and nullify the efforts of the handful of liberal and far-seeing members. As for the king himself, he was far more nearly an Englishman than was the beloved Edward VII. The Georges had been in England since 1714, and they carried in their veins the blood of James I, who was the descendant through both his parents of Margaret Tudor. George III was the fourth of his line in England. He was born in London, the son of Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, and he was reared in an atmosphere of British tradition. He was wholly out of sympathy with both his grandfather, George II, and his great grandfather, the first of the Hanoverian kings who came to England as the result of the persistent efforts of Bolingbroke and Walpole. Of the first and second Georges, Greene says, "They were honest and straightforward men, who frankly accepted the irksome position of constitutional kings."

The fourth Hanoverian in England was cast in a different mould. He took as his ideal the house of Stuart. He cast out the Whig ministry which had held sway under his two predecessors and brought the Tory government into power. He derived his idea of "the divine right of kings to govern wrong" from James I, not from his plastic and uninteresting Guelph forbears. In large measure he was the tool of his clever ministers, Lord North and William Pitt, and while his efforts to raise money in the Colonies to lift the debt incurred by the long war with France resulted in the ultimate loss of those colonies, those who condemn him are prone to forget that it was his policy which wrested Canada from France and made it part of the British Empire.

The monarch who most scathingly condemned George III for his course toward this unrepresented portion of his tax-paying subjects, was Frederick of Prussia. And when England hired

a band of Hessian soldiers to fight her battles for her, Frederick refused to permit these mercenaries to cross Prussian soil, thus giving the Patriots the advantage of at least one victory over the English, while the Hessians made the long detour to the coast where English ships were awaiting them.

The rest of Mr. Smith's letter sounds as if he derived his world-knowledge from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Further comment is hardly necessary.

There is one point in all this "democracy" discussion which the American people persistently overlook. Germany has done more, in the past twenty-five years, to bridge the gap between the rich and the poor than has been done by any other country. With the hope of finding a further solution of world-problems in the single tax, she leased Tsing-Tau from China for 99 years, in order to test the workings of that kind of tax system, where its working could be observed and tabulated. This practical test would have done more for Henry Georgeism than all the ranting of

## Paul Poiret's Only American Showing



in this city will be made in the Vandervoort Fashion Salon beginning Monday, March 12th. These models are authorized reproductions of this great French designer's latest creations for Spring, 1917. They bear authorized Poiret labels and are marked at very moderate prices.

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long-haired reformers. But England, which exists for the benefit of the aristocracy, while it offers the down-trodden middle and lower class the safety valve of airing their grievances in Hyde Park, would not suffer that experiment to be made. Had Germany been permitted to show that real democracy is to be achieved by means of the single tax, the land monopoly of the British peers would have been endangered. Hence Japan was commissioned to seize and destroy this experiment station.

Had the world approved the teachings of Nietzsche and Treitschke, we would have been informed long since that both of these scholars were Polish in blood and formative inheritance. Since England condemns their philosophy, their Polish ancestry is never mentioned. All

Germany has been condemned because Nietzsche said:

"Instead of the familiar sophistry, 'A good cause justifies any war,' I would voice the converse, 'A good war justifies any cause.'"

Those who comment on this statement seem to think that Nietzsche invented it, whereas he merely had the wit to observe a truth that is as old as war itself. We even justify our war with Mexico, in which my father served as an ardent volunteer, because the outcome was such as to make it go down in history as "a good war." We justify our treatment of the Indians on the ground that civilized men needed the land that the savage was holding, and our methods of fighting the Indians were ultimately successful. If our own



skirts were a little cleaner we might, with better grace, hurl our vituperative mud against Germany. As for England, her course with Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Denmark and France, from the tenth century to the overthrow of Napoleon, and her more recent course with China—the Opium War and the seizure of Hongkong—her conquest and starvation of India, her destruction of the South African republics and her clever absorption of Egypt, not to mention her holding of the terrible Turk in Europe, when Russia had all but captured Constantinople, these constitute a few national stains that no amount of sophistry will wash out.

It is evident that Mr. Smith does not "like the Germans." That is his privilege. *De gustibus, et cetera.* I was a profound admirer of the English until I read the history of the Chinese Opium War. I would not recommend the reading of that infamous transaction to any British sympathizer. It might change his opinion, as it did mine.

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS.

♦♦♦

## Bumped the Bondholders

By Frank Armstrong

(From the St. Clair County (Mo.) Democrat.)

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives held a meeting Tuesday evening. The room was crowded mostly with those interested in the fate of the bill appertaining to the bogus bonds of Dallas and St. Clair counties. The full committee was present.

The curtain-raiser was a shame-faced man, Bradley, misrepresenting Macon county. He committed a crime on his conscience and mayhem for his mind for words with which to explain what business he had in butting in and daddying a discredited bill whose sole purpose was to filch blood-money from the gnarled hands of the people of Dallas and St. Clair counties.

Then Tolson, who is in the House from Howard county, admitted he too had been familiar with the strumpet that bore the bill, by adding his name to the top of the damnable document. He proved himself about three degrees removed from mental degeneracy. The other member of the trio of foreigners, fathering the seven-days' foetus, is Collins, who defiles the name of Ozark county. He did not make himself apparent.

A Mr. Tatlow of Springfield bobbed up in behalf of the bondholders. His jowls jellied and his paunch, larded with fat legal fees, palsied at the prospect of more grease. He said the only fraud that had been perpetrated had come from the people of the two counties who would not pay their just debts and who were dishonest towards the poor bondholders. When pressed for an answer to the query, he quailed and admitted that under the provision of the bill seeking passage the collector and assessor appointed (virtually United States marshals) could collect the full amount of all the judgments rendered against the counties in behalf of the bondholders.

Mr. J. R. Cox, a true representative of Dallas county, made some pointed remarks in regard to the poltroonery of the attempted piracy, and introduced

Hon. John H. Lucas, of Osceola, who spoke. This lord of all the logicians in the land, he of the velvet voice, 90-horse power brain and trip-hammer tongue, told the tale of the St. Clair county bonds from the time they were illegally issued, surreptitiously signed and linted through the legal mills. There was a vision of the glad lands of St. Clair county shadowed by a great sorrow; its forests drummed the Dead March of Saul with their barren boughs, the streams sobbed their way to the sea, as the speaker told of the trials of his honest, homespun people, who took their tiny savings from teacups and paid interest on the bonds, vainly believing the villains would build the road. He presented photographs of the pitiful poverty of his people—doll-like additions to a crumbling courthouse. In the thunder tones of Thor he told of this tyrannical scheme to secure money never due, by force and fraud, and gyve and gun.

John Hames of Buffalo, Dallas county, took the floor and "hell busted loose in Georgia." His head was bandaged, his throat wrapped, but physical pains were forgotten as he became an avenging angel. With a sword he smited through the mail of Mammon and revealed a horrible, hideous, naked monster—the bondholders. He broke his blade on the soul of the thing as it tried to steal away and snatching a rapier of ridicule, tempered by truth, he perforated the scurbitic soul in a thousand places. He set a slow fuse to a barrel of dynamite and coolly and calmly turned the torn and tattered pages of the past till they came to the frontis—fouled with the first stroke of the bondholder's fell pen, back again he thumbed the leaves of the heinous history and threw upon a table two seared and saffroned bundles of manuscript. One bundle was three times as large as the other. It contained the names of those who had remonstrated against the issuance of the bonds in the initial instance. The smaller package contained the names of the petitioners. The fuse was burned to the barrel; it sputtered in mad merriment; Bradley buried his hatrack in horror; Tolson crouched in terror, Tatlow's beefy face froze with fear, his bull neck swelled to the bursting point; Mitchell, his compatriot in crime, called to Christ for succor, but cried in vain. Hames grew rigid with righteous indignation, he flamed into a fury, there was a flash of rhetorical pyrotechnics—the explosion came—and the blood, and brains, and the gall, and the guts of the bondholders' luncombe bespattered the ceiling and walls of the caucus chamber.

Mitchell, the next one up, might be compared to a dunghill chicken that had been decapitated and swept through a sewer, from the scent of his language, and the way he floundered. Intellectually he was the equal of an acephalous louse. His was an abortive and assinine attempt to assert that the citizens of St. Clair and Dallas counties owed the bondholders for value received and were a bunch of blackguards for not paying the debts. He defined the people of those districts as dastards and reviled them as rebels, he blackmailed them with the threat that unless the bonds were paid no bond company would buy their school and road bonds.



## Spring Frocks, Brightly Beautiful at \$35

NEW! Taffetas, crepe de chins and Georgettes—and many attractive combinations in which serges are prominently featured. The new Russian straight-line frock is one of the prettier styles; likewise, the slightly-raised waist effects and the many unusual variations. Spring colors shimmer with beauty, and the trimmings of beads, embroidery and fancy stitching add the finishing touch.

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Logic happened in his harrangue just as often as does the letter "w" in the Latin language. He swooned in a volley of his vituperation.

Albert Chambers, representative of St. Clair county, concluded the con-

trovery with clinchers. He told how the names of the remonstrators to issuing the bonds had been cut from the head and appended to the petitioners' paper. He plead for justice.

The victory was won. The Judiciary

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Committee recommended that the bill "do not pass." Honor the heroes mentioned and Lee E. Crook and Charles E. Higgins, W. C. Hawkins and Senator "Stonewall" Baldwin, who by their wise counsel played no small part in the triumph. Shout their praises to the dome of heaven, ye people of Dallas and St. Clair counties. Never let your gratitude grow gray. And never cease to hate with hellish hate and scorn with blasting scorn the thieves who tried the steal.

The bondholders will collect their claims by such devious ways when Satan is sorry for all his own—when God drops dead on his great white throne—when imps and angels together link—when hell becomes a skating rink.

♦♦♦

## G. K. Chesterton

By Holbrook Jackson

When Gilbert Keith Chesterton came to Fleet street we were all wondering what would happen next; that is, before we read him, or heard him, or saw him—for all three were desired experiences. The burst of literary, artistic and patriotic enthusiasm of the Eighteen Nineties had collapsed in the trial and downfall of Oscar Wilde and the Boer war, and we had grown a little cynical. Then Chesterton happened. The big, jovial fellow and the twentieth century rolled into Fleet street together. I won't go so far as to describe the circumstance as a good omen; but, anyhow, it was a good thing. It was good journalism. G. K. C. was symbolical.

He looked like a farmer's boy, and he grew more bucolic as the years passed. Immense and ungainly of figure, crowned by a vast head tousled over with colorless hair, it was as difficult to place him in the ordinary categories of men, as it was to place his work in literature. You said the one was journalism and the other was a man—and you were wrong each time. He was so much a man in the best sense of the word—so honest, so generous, and so courageous—that he was more than a man, as men are generally understood; and his writing was so much more than journalism, whilst remaining journalism all the time, that you did not know what to call it. You just liked it; and if you knew the man, you liked him, too. And in those days, when he lived and worked in London, before his retreat to Beaconsfield, where he now lives, anyone might have met him at almost any hour in Fleet street or its adjoining lanes.

Some writers are known best because of their books, and some books achieve fame because of their writers. But in certain unique cases the two are united. G. K. Chesterton is an example of the latter among twentieth century writers, as Charles Dickens is among nineteenth, and Dr. Johnson among those of the eighteenth century. People want to know such authors as well as to read them. Their books may be said to fascinate without satisfying, by hinting at untold wonders of personal charm. Other books have similar effects, but disastrous results; for as a general rule it is hardly safe to meet your favorite writer in the flesh. The fact that a book is entertaining or interesting or lovable

does not mean that its author possesses the same qualities. On the contrary, many a dull dog has written an amusing book, the most insufferable of bores can be interesting in words, and some of the most lovable of books have been written by people you would like to kick. As a working rule, then, my advice to those about to meet their favorite authors is—don't. But Gilbert Chesterton is an exception. He is one of the sights of London. American visitors of thirty years ago wanted to see the Queen or Mr. Gladstone: to-day they want to see Mr. Chesterton. They have read his books, seen his photographs and been told that he is as disputatious as Dr. Johnson and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, and the three circumstances pull them irresistibly towards the one

of the few contemporary men of letters who have become legendary during their own lives.

It is something to have become a sight; although it must be appallingly uncomfortable. But there is no escape for G. K. C.; he is as conspicuous as St. Paul's. See him walking down Fleet street, and he becomes a new feature in the most characteristic and fascinating of all London's aspects. You think of Boswell's Johnson at such a moment, and other things in Chesterton remind you of that equally legendary personality. But the resemblance is generic rather than special. Both are weighty and argumentative, and there the resemblance ends. Legendary as Samuel Johnson was during his own life, Boswell made him far more legendary after

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his death. Now Chesterton is his own Boswell; his books are frankly about himself. That is one reason why people are so anxious to see him. The act of reading him is to discuss with him. He talks less fluently than he writes, but his talking and writing are very intimately related. Learned though this talk is, it is less the talk of a scholar than that of an imaginative and easy-going person

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extremely interested in his own view of life. It has a cosmic relationship with everything from the table you sit at (for all good talk needs a table) to the trees and houses and lamp-posts outside, and the stars and the heavens above them. He himself has told us that the cosmos is comic; there is also a comic note in his talk. Not in its subject matter, which is always serious, but in its presentation. There is roister in his approach to the verities, and hilarity in the meeting. The words of Gilbert Chesterton do not carry with them the golden balance of dignity; they are drunk with his own personality; they reel and chuckle; they surprise by unfamiliar contexts, and turn from crazy lanes of delicious nonsense into unexpected highways of wisdom.

Gilbert Chesterton reminds you of the manipulator of a marionette show. His puppets are ideas, and he is engaged in leading them a dance. A thought ceases to interest him unless he can make it caper. He believes that is their business—that it is, indeed, the condition of life:

Behold the simple sum of things

Where, in splendor spun,


The stars go round the Mulberry Bush,  
The Burning Bush, the Sun.

Paradox and epigram are only the media of his idea-play; the plot is deeper. The Chestertonian philosophy, like the Italian comedy, laughs only on the surface. Pantaloon and Harlequin are more than funny fellows, and nonsense is a vehicle which G. K. C. drives over the superstitions of modernity. The end of his comic philosophy is not, therefore, laughter, for however much he may pro-

test against the seriousness of a well-meaning world, he also is serious even when he laughs loudest. "It is so easy to be solemn," he says, "it is so hard to be frivolous." Nietzsche would only believe in a God who could dance, Chesterton only believes in ideas that can dance. The religion that is not deep enough for frivolity is not deep enough for him. And that is the paradox of this master of paradox. He is one of the growing band of writers who are reasserting the claims of orthodoxy in religion and tradition, and, like his friend Hilaire Belloc he dauntlessly waves aloft the banner of the Past. His faith in the old formulas and dogmas is stated with such cheeriness that the old devotees must feel as though they were being robbed of their ancient harbors of gloom.

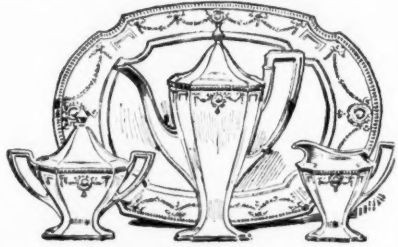
If he did not use the catchwords of Christianity you might take him for a Pagan, although he would be the first to discountenance such a conclusion. Paganism for him spells pessimism; Christianity, optimism. And the only Christianity is that which is orthodox or Catholic. Nevertheless, one could imagine him with Theocritus in Thessaly rather than with St. Francis in Assisi—that really is the paradox of G. K. C. Doubtless he could explain it away, and many another paradox as well, and doubtless he will. Did he not begin his literary career with "The Defendant," a volume which set out with engaging frankness and consummate skill to defend the indefensible? But even though he succeed in proving that black is white (and there are those who say he has done so) he would still have faith in the fact that black was black and white white, and that the one is good and the other evil, for although Chesterton began by defending the indefensible, it was only his method of proving his right to fight the battle of the eternally defensible. It is curious that such warfare should be necessary, but in an age which devotes half its time to letting the old things slide and the other half to the introduction of new things which everybody needs and nobody likes, it ought not to be surprising.

One thing, however, is certain. Gilbert Chesterton may not have convinced his age of the necessity of a return to Orthodoxy, but he has succeeded in stripping that subject of the forbidding weeds which had gathered about it. He has made religious and political discussion interesting to many people who had long since grown out of the habit of such discussions. He has gone further: he has shown us that politics and religion are the only proper subjects for the discussion of sane men and women, and that the more serious the subject, the more room there is for humor and frivolity of expression. The necessity of having to prove that is, perhaps, the severest criticism he could pass on his age. "A man must be orthodox upon most things," he says, "or he will never have time to preach his own heresy." G. K. C.'s heresy is Orthodoxy—so heretical is it that many of his greatest admirers are among the very Heretics he has explained away in so many books. I have often heard sportsmen argue that the fox enjoys being hunted, and have generally winked my eye slow, as Uncle Remus would have done, at that



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amiable sophistry. But careful observation of the behavior of Chesterton's Heretics during the chase has almost won me over. Foxes may not like being hunted by an inferior pack, but I am now ready to believe that they get a subtle pleasure out of a run with the Pythley or the Quorn, and I am supported in this belief by the fact that the foxiest of Heretics enjoy a run with Chesterton as much as Chesterton enjoys a run with them. This may not be very complimentary to G. K. C.'s pow-

ers of persuasion, but it involves the far greater compliment of proving that our most entertaining controversialist has achieved the impossible—he has taught men to discuss politics and religion without wanting to murder each other.—From *To-Day* (London.)

♦♦♦♦♦

"I know a lot of people," says the Philosopher of Folly, "who are so religious that they hate anybody that belongs to any church but theirs."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



## At the Theaters

One of the biggest laughing hits the stage in this country has seen in a great many years, must be credited to "Fair and Warmer," the Avery Hopwood farce that Selwyn & Company are to present for an engagement of one week at the Jefferson theater, opening with the performance next Sunday evening. Running into its second year in New York City, this farce established in the eastern metropolis a record difficult to beat and the company presenting the play during its engagement at the Jefferson theater comes direct from Chicago, where for thirty weeks it has kept capacity audiences in gales of laughter. There is just enough of the Frenchy atmosphere worked into the three acts by Mr. Hopwood to make the farce particularly pleasing. The lines are bright and the situations are not only particularly ludicrous but cleverly devised. The company includes John Cumberland, Francine Larrimore, Olive May, Helen Gill, William H. Sullivan, Raymond Bloomer, Robert Jones and Sydney Chon. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and on Saturday.

There has been no lessening in the demand for seats for the D. W. Griffith master picture, "Intolerance," at the Shubert-Garrick theater, and the management announces a third week of the spectacle, commencing with matinee next Sunday. This film production so far surpasses anything else of its kind that it affords no room for comparison. "Intolerance" does not only delight, startle and thrill—it overwhelms. The awful hordes of Cyrus as they surge toward Babylon, the terrific struggle waged before the fall of the mighty walled city, and all the pomp and splendor of that ancient capitol, with idol worship and sensuous orgies—such scenes as these almost take away the breath of the spectator. Even the construction of the plot is novel, being made up of four parallel stories. These show the results of intolerance through the ages including the fate of Jesus in Judea, the terrible massacre of the Huguenots in France, and instances in our modern times of meddlers who seek to regulate the rights of others to enjoy life. The picture is shown every afternoon and evening.

The most popular play St. Louis has had for many a long season is Lewis B. Ely's "A Dry Town," which will soon embark on its sixth week at the Players theater. Mitchell Harris' return to the cast after several weeks' absence in the East gave a new zest to the piece and the S. R. O. sign has been gracing the box office. Arthur Holman as *Whiney Jones* and Olive Templeton as *Clara Bland* are winning new laurels for themselves and for the company. Next Saturday night will be the fiftieth performance and something special in the amusement line is promised.

Adele Blood in "The Mannequin" will be the leading attraction at the Columbia next week. She will be supported by

Frank Bendtsen and four others. Although Miss Blood is popular in vaudeville, she is probably best known for having played the lead in "Everywoman." Others on the bill are Milo, mysterious impersonator; Tamee Kajiyama, demonstrating power of mind concentration, in which he reads, writes, talks, listens and figures at the same time; Harry and Eva Puck in a song hit; the three Jahns, equilibrists; Lloyd and Britt in a vaudeville feast; Frank and Tobie in original songs, dances and costumes, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

An old time and present day favorite of the German theater company, Victoria Welb-Markham, will be the beneficiary at the performance to be given next Sunday evening at the Victoria theater. She will play the role of *Adeheid Dorn*, one of her best, in "Our Wives," a comedy which has not been presented on the local German stage for eighteen years.

### This Week's Symphonies

The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will begin this week the last month of its present season, giving the first of its final three pairs of concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday night. Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, is the solo artist announced for the program, scheduled for two numbers out of the four listed. Elman has been almost an annual visitor in this city since his first American tour, but has appeared only once with the Symphony Orchestra,—about five years ago. He is a great favorite here. The advance sale of tickets for both concerts has been so heavy as to justify the expectation of a capacity house both Friday and Saturday.

Elman is one of the quintet of "world's greatest violinists," and the third of that little coterie to be presented this season by the Symphony Orchestra. He is just a few months older than Zimbalist, his compatriot and confrere, but in all other respects, including personal appearance, the two young men are remarkably alike. Both have been seen before the public since their early youth, winning laurels as artists while still in their 'teens, and having had careers similar in a great many ways. Elman was five when he first played in public, and thirteen when he played for the first time as soloist with a symphony orchestra. This was in St. Petersburg, Russia. Before he was seventeen he had played with several of the great European orchestras and in recital in most of the capitals of the Old World. His first American tour was in 1909, when he was in his eighteenth year. Since then he has made seven complete tours in this country.

In formulating his programme for this week's two concerts, Conductor Zach has listed two old masterpieces and two works of modern composers, with an orchestral and a violin example in each division. The second of the two orchestral numbers is of almost new interest, since it has not been heard here

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Symphony No. 2, in D Major.....Haydn  
I Adagio; Allegro.  
II Andante.  
III Menuetto; Trio.  
IV Allegro spiritoso.

Concerto for Violin, in D Major,  
Op. 77 .....Brahms  
I Allegro non troppo.  
II Adagio.  
III Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

Variations Symphoniques, "Istar,"  
Op. 42 .....D'Indy  
Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso,  
for Violin, Op. 28.....Saint-Saens

Horace Whitehouse, an American organist, will be the soloist at the "Pop" concert Sunday afternoon, playing Guilmant's first symphony for orchestra and organ. A composition by Louis J. Boulter, of Baltimore, another first-time

number, also is of interest and will prove very pleasing to the audience. The programme:

1. March "Cruiser Harvard".....Strube  
2. Scene and Waltz from "Gretna Green".....Guiraud  
3. Concert-Overture .....Boulter  
(First time.)

4. Symphony No. 1, in D Minor, for Organ and Orchestra.....Guilmant  
(First time.)  
5. Ballet Suite from "Henry VIII"  
Music .....Saint-Saens  
Scotch Idyll.  
Gipsy Dance.  
Gigue.

6. Prelude, Opus 3, No. 2.....Rachmaninow  
7. Hungarian Dances .....Brahms

♦♦♦

## Marts and Money

They feel a little better on the New York Exchange. There's hopeful talk about an important rise in the near future, especially in the values of copper, equipment, lead, munitions, steel, shipping, and zinc certificates. It is based on the prosperous conditions and bright prospects for these industries. Comfort is found, incidentally, in the enormous appropriations by Congress for military and naval purposes, and there's a growing belief that means will be discovered to cope in effective manner with Germany's ruthless submarine warfare. As regards the peril of war, Wall Street has ceased worrying. The great majority of brokers and traders are strongly in favor of actual hostilities. Little or no attention is paid to intimations of a tight money market in the event of heavy borrowing for the account of the Federal Government. It is confidently assumed that a truly serious pinch will not be witnessed, the glut of surplus capital being unprecedented, and the saving capacity of the people greater than it ever has been, despite the high costs of labor, material, and living. This sort of easy-going philosophy is unhesitatingly endorsed by some of the leading prophets of capitalism and speculation.

Representative quotations are higher than they were a week ago. In several cases, the improvement varies from two to four points. Demand was particularly urgent in the mining and industrial departments. Anaconda Copper registered an advance of \$4; American Smelting common, one of \$3; United States Steel common, one of \$5, after deduction of the \$3 quarterly dividend, and Utah Copper, one of \$3.50. Railroad certificates were laggards. They did not advance more than a point; in some cases there was no betterment at all. There are indications, though, that the quotations for these stocks, also, will record some notable advances in the next few months. They exhibit rising degrees of rallying power, partly as a result of diminution in the volume of foreign liquidation. The average speculative trader is decidedly disinclined to enter into commitments in railroad stocks; this, in the face of severe depreciation in the past three months. He greatly prefers to take "flyers" in the principal war issues, inclusive of metal stocks. "What's the use of buying these investment shares?" he asks, if reminded of the favorable terms of purchasing. "If you take on a hundred or two, it's three to one that you will remain stuck for at

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nent precedents, investment operations of this kind are commendable in existing circumstances. This I dare say irrespective of prevailing distrustful conjectures as to past legislative activities of Congress and the regulative rules of the Commerce Commission. It is hard, if not impossible, to believe that purchases made at present might bring unsatisfactory or disastrous results. As to foreign liquidation, it seems perfectly reasonable to think that it is approaching exhaustion. The sum total of securities returned to America since October 1, 1914, is in excess of \$2,500,000,000. The amount yet available for liquidation may fairly be estimated at \$700,000,000. There's no probability that all holdings of American bonds, shares, and notes might be thrown on the markets. The very fact that the British Government has lately been compelled to raise the rate of taxation on income derived from



American securities constitutes sufficient evidence of extreme reluctance to sell among capitalistic owners. Of course considerable yet depends upon the duration of the war. The Southern Pacific submitted an excellent statement for January. It revealed a gross gain of over \$5,000,000, and a net gain of about \$3,000,000. Strange to say, the price of the company's stock made no response at all to this inspiring news. It is, indeed a little lower than it was a week ago. Yet it should be apparent to every-intelligent investor that the stock is entirely too cheap at 92 3/4, which the dividend rate being 6 per cent, implies a net yield of 6.45 per cent. We must not overlook, in this connection, that the Southern Pacific is very likely to advance its dividend rate to 7 per cent before the end of 1917. For the twelve months ending December 31, the surplus available for dividend purposes will be equal to not less than 14 per cent, against 11 per cent for 1916. If the dividend rate is fixed at 7 per cent, purchasers at 93 obtain a return of 7.50 per cent. Some of the fashionable war certificates are quoted at prices netting purchasers 10 to 15 per cent, but the question is, what dividends will they pay after peace has been restored? The Southern Pacific should be able to pay 7 per cent even under normal conditions. Similar considerations may aptly be indulged in respecting all other meritorious railroad certificates.

The bond market is "heavy," according to Wall Street dispatches. It feels the depressing influences of unceasing liquidation of war issues. New low points have lately been reached by British Government and French municipal loans. City of Paris 6s, for instance, fell to 92 5/8; they were worth 99 a few months ago. United Kingdom of Great Britain 5 1/2s, of 1921, declined to 93 3/4; the high notch for them was 98 3/4. Considering the steadily growing financial requirements of all the warring nations, further depreciation in quoted values may confidently be looked for. Pending developments at Washington, we need not draw into consideration the possible or probable influences that ex-

tensive borrowing for the account of our government might or will have upon quotations in the general bond market.

The quotation for Italian bills of exchange has established a new minimum—7.75, as compared with a normal rate of 5.18 1/8. This signifies a depreciation of approximately 50 per cent. It is stated that negotiations are now on foot in New York with a view towards devising means to bolster up the crumbling Italian credit. The quotation for rubles is down to 27 1/8 cents; this, also, represents a new low point. Parity is 52 cents. It is hinted that the severe declines in Italian and Russian exchange rates are to some extent the outcome of the German submarine campaign. Very likely. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. Demand sterling dropped to \$4.74 3/4 the other day, but the current rate is \$4.75 1/4, which compares with \$4.75 3/4 some weeks ago. French, German, and Austrian rates indicate no notable changes.

The quotation for May wheat has lately risen from \$1.78 1/4 to \$1.87 7/8. The "bull" crowd firmly predict still higher prices. There's talk of \$2 wheat before April 1. The eager demand is largely the consequence of hopes of material improvement in marine shipping, as well as of sensationally low estimates as to remaining surplus supplies in the United States. Snow places the exportable excess at only 39,000,000 bushels. If these figures are anywhere near the truth, there will be very little wheat left in this country by the close of the crop year—June 30. They have a fine, bulging market also in the corn pits. May corn is rated at \$1.08 in Chicago, against 74 1/2 cents a year ago. May oats is worth 60, against 43. Another season of agricultural prosperity appears assured, but, *vae victis!* The cost of living will keep statisticians busy, and Government authorities in Europe at their wits' end trying to find remedial measures of relief.



#### Finance in St. Louis.

Fourth Street's financial brokers did a good business during the past week. There was a significant steadiness of values, and quiet buying for speculative investors who adhere to the opinion that the highest levels have not yet been reached in some of the prominent instances. A forthcoming feature of firmness was Boatmen's Bank stock, which recorded an appreciation of \$8 in the bid quotation, the previous week's quotation having been 104. Twenty shares were transferred at this figure. The rise to 112 elicited no offerings whatever. We are justified in gathering

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from this that the stock has gone into strong hands in recent months, and that the purchasing is in anticipation of favorable developments two or three months hence. The dividend rate is \$5 per annum; the total stock, \$2,000,000. Bank of Commerce was taken at 115.25 to 116; seventy shares were disposed of. The stock acts well; the absorption of offerings does not cause declines of mo-

ment. Holders receive 4 per cent; the capital totals \$10,000,000. An advance in the dividend rate may be regarded as inevitable; it will come before the close of 1917, judging by the course and behavior of the certificates. Five State National were taken at 201, the previous price, and thirty-five German Savings Institution, at 200. Ten St. Louis Union Trust brought 350—an unchanged figure.

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United Railways preferred continued to rise in value. There were sales at 18.25 to 19. More than seventy shares were transferred. About a year ago, the stock could be had at 12½. Nothing was effected in the common certificates; the quoted price shows a gain of about a point, though, when compared with the recent minimum figure. Of the 4s, \$8,000 were sold at 61 to 61.25. Some weeks since, the price was down to 59. Compton Heights Railway 6s, to the amount of \$1,000, brought 100.50; \$1,000 Union Depot Railway 6s, 101.50, and \$1,000 St. Louis & Suburban first 5s, 101.25.

In the industrial market, brokers reported considerable activity in Ely-Walker D. G. common. Three hundred and thirty-five shares changed hands at 96. Thirty-five Union Sand & Material were sold at 85 and 85.50; fifteen Laclede Gas preferred at 98; thirty-five Wagner Electric, at 329.87½ and 330; \$1,000 St. Louis Brewing 6s, at 70, and \$1,000 Independent Breweries 6s, at 45.75. Last August, the last-named bonds were held at 64¾. The St. Louis Brewing 6s sold at 85 eight months ago. The immediate causes for the sharp declines in issues of this kind call for no explanations; they are perfectly plain.

Forty Chicago Railway Equipment brought 105.50; forty-five Consolidated Coal, 24; two hundred and forty National Candy common, 20.25 to 21.50, and twenty International Shoe common, 100.50.

There is an increasing demand for superior commercial paper in the local market; the discount is 4½ per cent. Bank clearings continue heavy; that is, in excess of the corresponding records in 1916.

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#### Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Merchants-Laclede Natl.	116½	285½
Natl. Bank of Commerce	116½	117
Mercantile Trust	294	361
Miss. Valley Trust	294	296
Title Guaranty Trust	110	110
United Railways com.	5¼	6
do pfd.	20¾	20¾
do 4s	61¾	62
St. L. & Sub. Gen. 5s	73	73½
Laclede Gas pfd.	98	98
St. L. Cotton Compress.	40½	40½
Union Sand and Material	85	85
Ely & Walker com.	95½	98
International Shoe com.	101	101
do pfd.	110	110
Cent. Coal & Coke com.	57	57
Consolidated Coal	24¾	24¾
Granite-Bimetallic	65	70
Hamilton-Brown	130	130
National Candy com.	20¾	20¾
do 1st pfd.	102	102
do 2d pfd.	89¾	89¾
Chicago Ry. Equipment.	105	105

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#### Answers to Inquiries.

**PURCHASER, St. Louis.**—The 5 per cent preferred stock of the Laclede Gas Light Co. is a desirable investment. Last year's range of fluctuation was only eight points, the low being 92½, and the top, 100½. The current price is 98, denoting a net yield of 5.10. The stock is not likely to advance to any material extent; it is suitable chiefly for investment purposes. The safety of the dividend rate can be surmised from the payment of 7 per cent on the common.

**J. S. O., Galveston, Tex.**—The 4 per cent bonds of the Southern Railway Co.

are not a first-class investment; they are medium-grade. The present price of 71 indicates a depreciation of seven points when compared with the top mark in 1916. A further decline is not improbable, in view of the condition of the general market and the company's failure to float a blanket mortgage issue. Liquidation would be inadvisable, however. The company's finances are decidedly gratifying, and its future is highly promising. It is believed in Wall Street that dividend payments on the preferred stock will be resumed some time this year.

**INVESTOR, Tipton, Mo.—Chicago & Northwestern common** is an investment stock. The ruling price of 114¼ is ex rights to subscribe to new stock. Latest financial returns show conclusively that the 7 per cent dividend is not in danger of reduction. The decline in the last few weeks was partly the result of foreign selling. An additional investment in this stock would appear advisable at or near the prevailing quotation.

**CURIOS, Bloomington, Ill.—St. Joseph Lead Co. stock** is not overvalued at the current price of 20½. It has for many years been held in esteem by careful investors. The dividend rates, regular and extra, can conveniently be disbursed. They could be increased substantially without straining the company's finances. For the year ended December 31, 1916, the statement disclosed 33.16 per cent earned on the \$14,094,660 capital stock, against 24.75 in 1915. Net profits were \$8,004,649, against \$4,392,360. The St. Joseph Lead Co. is the second largest producer of lead in the United States.

**W. I. P., Chicago, Ill.**—In informed circles, Ray Consolidated Copper is regarded as a tempting speculation at or around the existing price of 28½. The company's cost of operation has materially been cut in the past two years. It is down to about 9.75 at this time. The 1916 output was 75,182,000 pounds. The ore reserves are thought sufficient for at least thirty-five years. The stock pays a regular annual dividend of \$3. Last November the price was up to 37.

**DOCTOR, Norfolk, Neb.—Baltimore & Ohio common** is classed as a semi-investment stock of the best kind. The dividend is 5 per cent per annum. It was 6 per cent for four years prior to January 1, 1915. The ruling price of 76½ looks cheap. It means a net return of approximately 6½ per cent. The former 6 per cent rate could readily be restored. In 1906, the stock was rated as high as 125½. It paid 5½ per cent in that year.

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Two Lancashire men had a fishing match at Scarborough for half a sovereign a side. One of them, fancying he had a bite, was so eager about it that he fell head-first into the water. So the other man shouted out: "That's not fair, Bill! The bet's off. I can beat thee at fair fishing, but I'm not going to stand thee diving in after 'em."

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Billy glowed with rapture. He had won the girl of his heart, and was discussing his rosy prospects with a friend. "Yes," he said, while his shirt front expanded many inches; "I think Molly and I are starting married life under the rosiest auspices. Her father is giving

us a little, creeper-clad cottage; her mother will furnish it for us, her grandfather is giving us a motor car, and, in addition to this, Molly has a snug little income of her own." "Excellent!" said his friend, inspired by the young man's enthusiasm. "And you—what are you bringing to the happy union?" "Me? O—er—I'm giving my name!"

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**Footpad**—Money or your life!  
**Penurious Politician**—Money! Money! Listen, old top! Wouldn't you sooner have a job on the police force?—*New York Globe*.

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Schumack, Inc., 856 Century Bldg., is showing Stein & Blaine creations—sport suits, one-piece tailored frocks, motor and separate top coats. Also gowns for afternoon and evening wear and strictly tailored lingerie and novelty blouses.

"Has your boy Josh completed his education?" "I reckon so," replied Farmer Cornfossel. "I don't say that he's got all he needs, but I suspect he's got about all he's able to hold."—*Topeka Journal*.

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## MISINFORMING A NATION

By Willard Huntington Wright

This critical examination of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in relation to its effect on the development of American culture is an extension and amplification of the articles entitled "Culture in the Enc. Britt." contributed by Mr. Wright to the columns of Reedy's Mirror. The author bares the defects in the Britannica's attitude toward the Novel, Drama, Poetry, British Painting, Non-British Painting, Music, Science, Inventions, Aesthetics, Philosophy and Religion, while in the opening chapter, "Colonizing America," he reveals the consequences in continued provincialism that will ensue if the United States tolerates the imposition of unmixed British culture. The results of a careful study of the Encyclopaedia are embodied in this volume.

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OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS by Arthur Chapman. New York: Houghton-Mifflin; \$1.25.

The famous little title poem and a number of others breathing the spirit and the humor of the West. Attractive jacket and end decorations.

THE WAR AFTER THE WAR by Isaac F. Marcossin. New York: John Lane Co.; \$1.25.

A warning to the effect that the United States is as unprepared for the commercial battle with other nations, which is bound to come with peace, as it is for actual warfare. Written after two trips to Europe and a profound study and investigation of the question.

EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON by G. W. Dassent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

Norse fairy tales which will delight the imagination of the children and interest their elders. Appropriately illustrated with full-page drawings.

BULLETS AND BILLETS by Bruce Bairnsfather. New York: Putnam's; \$1.50.

Trench warfare as recounted by a keen observer with a sense of humor. Illuminatingly illustrated by the author.

THE POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER by Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode; \$1.35.

A Tracysque murder mystery and a detective story.

CENTRAL EUROPE (Mittel-Europa) by Friedrich Naumann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A proposal of a definite program for the central powers after the war, based on a conviction of the inevitableness of Teutonic victory.

DUNSANY THE DRAMATIST by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little-Brown; \$1.50.

First book on Lord Dunsany, the much-talked-of Irish dramatist. There is a critical appreciation of his eight plays in which they are outlined and discussed and their history related. Each play is analyzed separately and then its place in relation to the whole is indicated. The volume includes a number of letters from Dunsany bearing on his plays and many full-page illustrations.

THE JOB by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

A novel of business life showing its real and not its romantic phases.

SUDDEN JIM by Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.35.

The interest in this book lies chiefly in the suddenness with which the hero moves.

A VIRGINIA VILLAGE by E. S. Nadal. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.75.

Essays on life in rural Virginia, containing reminiscences of Lincoln, Stanton, Lowell and other famous people. There are chapters on Kentucky horses and Virginia women and Virginia scenery. The whole is prefaced by an autobiography.

FLYING FOR FRANCE by James R. McConnell. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; \$1.00.

A simple and first hand account of the daily life of the Americans who have entered the service of the French flying corps.

SEA WARFARE by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; \$1.25.

This volume includes "Fringes of the Fleet," "Tales of 'The Trade,'" and "Destroyers at Jutland," being a collection of verse and prose (principally prose) pictures of submarines and destroyers and those who man them.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.; \$2.00.

Fletcher was a young Englishman, friend and contemporary of Rupert Brooke, who died of tuberculosis two years ago in Switzerland. He is best known for his variations upon "God Save the King."

THE WOODCRAFT MANUAL FOR BOYS by Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Doubleday-Page Co.

The official manual of the Woodcraft League, giving full information as to the carrying on of the work of the Woodcraft Boys; also a handbook containing a wealth of information on outdoor life.

♦♦♦

She—I wonder why men lie so?  
He—Because their wives are so blamed inquisitive.—*Boston Transcript.*

# OLD GLORY

*Three Stories tense with the spirit of these patriotic days. . . .*

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MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

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## Authors and Publishers

"The Adventures of the U-202," by Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim, which the Century Company published last week, is the day by day story of life in a submarine which is on a sea-raiding expedition, torpedoing ships, hiding on the bottom of the sea, and evading English and French attempts to capture it. The book purports to be a genuine chronicle written by the commander of the U-boat.

The Putnams have in train for immediate publication a novel by Hilda M. Sharp entitled "Stars in Their Courses," which tells the story of a man who is struggling under an undeserved stigma while the man whose disgrace he is shielding is his rival in love.

"Misinforming a Nation," by Willard Huntington Wright, author of "Modern Painting" and other works, which B. W. Huebsch will publish toward the end of this month, is a critical analysis of "The Encyclopedia Britannica," laying bare its defects along a variety of lines chiefly concerned with this country, while in a chapter on "Colonizing

## BOOKS

All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at : : : : : Roeder's Book Store 703 Locust Street

America" the author discusses the consequences to the United States of tolerating the imposition of purely British culture and the British attitude toward it. The book is an elaboration of Mr. Wright's articles on the same subject in REEDY'S MIRROR.

"Lydia of the Pines" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Honore Willsie which the Stokes Company has recently published. It is a tale of young womanhood in the Hiawatha country of the upper Mississippi, and is said to complement in its heroine the "Still Jim" who was the hero of Mrs. Willsie's last novel.

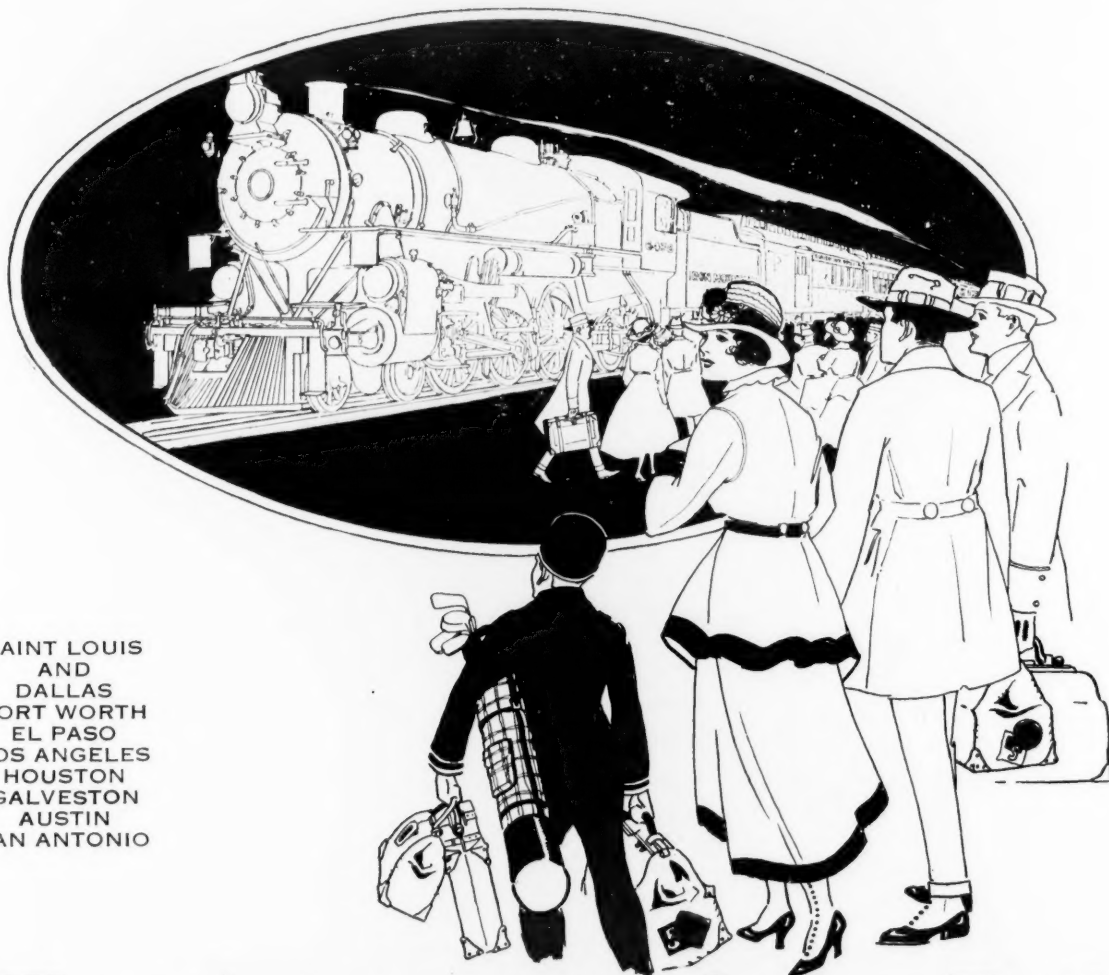
A new edition, revised and enlarged and brought up to date, of "Hawaii Past and Present," by William R. Castle, Jr., is ready for immediate publication by Dodd, Mead & Co., and will furnish a comprehensive guide book of history, information, and description to intending travelers to the islands. The au-

thor was born and brought up in Honolulu, and his family was one of the four missionary families who began the white man's era in Hawaii.

"Vesprie Towers" is the title of a posthumous novel by Theodore Watts-Dunton, announced by John Lane Company for publication this week, in which folk-lore, the supernatural, and human passions are woven together into a story revolving around a family legend.

The only one of the plays of Emile Verhaeren, the great Belgian poet, who was crushed by the cars at Rouen, France, on the night of November 27th, to be translated into English is "Les Aubes." Arthur Symonds' English version of this work, "The Dawn," is published in this country by Small, Maynard & Co.

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